

The Nation and The Athenæum

THE NATION. VOL. XXXVII., No. 20.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1925.

[THE ATHENÆUM. No. 4972.]

CONTENTS

EVENTS OF THE WEEK	PAGE	CISSBURY CAMP. By H. J. Massingham	596
AN OPEN LETTER TO MR. BALDWIN	586	THE LAKE. Poem by Ena Limebeer	597
AM I A LIBERAL? II. By J. M. Keynes	587	THE WORLD OF BOOKS:—	
THE CASE OF MR. COOKE	588	Modern Poetry. By Leonard Woolf	598
LIFE AND POLITICS. By Kappa	590	REVIEWS:—	
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR: The Exchange and the Export		Manet. By Roger Fry	599
Trades (Sir Daniel Stevenson); Owners' Profits and the		Back to Aristotle. By Bonamy Dobrée	599
Subsidy (Philip Gee); Wage Reductions or Monetary		Fiction. By Edwin Muir	600
Reform? (W. Allen Young); The Gold Standard and		Stage Speech	600
the National Debt (J. C.); The Industrial Crisis (Oswald		Travellers' Tales	601
Earp); Coal and Oil (E. H. Davenport); Naval Policy		Knots Untied	602
(Holford Knight); Pact or Covenant? (Richard Gill-		Prison Bread	602
bard); The Contemptible Little Army (H. C. Sotheran);		ON THE EDITOR'S TABLE	604
"England" for "Britain" (George Aitken); Enter a		NOVELS IN BRIEF	604
Schoolmaster (Humphrey Paul)	591-594	BOOKS IN BRIEF	604
MAD. By T. F. Powys	594	FINANCIAL SECTION:—	
BISHOP GORE ON ANGLICANISM. By A. F.	596	The Week in the City	606
		Yields of Gilt-Edged Securities	606

All communications and MSS. should be addressed to the Editor, THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM, 10, Adelphi Terrace, W.C.2.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK

M. BRIAND arrived last Monday, and conversations on the Pact have been taking place during the week. There is an uneasy feeling in the Cabinet that Mr. Austen Chamberlain was too accommodating when he met M. Briand at Geneva, and on this occasion he has been carefully supervised by his colleagues, who are the more watchful because the rank and file of the Tory Party has become suspicious of the whole Pact project. It is indeed necessary for Mr. Chamberlain to walk warily. When Germany came forward with an offer to stabilize her Western frontier by a definite undertaking not to seek revision of the existing territorial arrangements in that quarter, and asked Great Britain to countersign a Rhineland Pact between herself and France, Mr. Chamberlain was profoundly right, in our opinion, to receive the offer favourably. To those who take the Covenant seriously, the definition of our obligations under Article 16 by a clear undertaking to uphold the League procedure in any dispute over the Rhine frontier is not too high a price to pay for an advance towards stability in Western Europe. Mr. Chamberlain has to bear in mind, however, that the implications of the Covenant have not been firmly grasped and accepted by the bulk of his countrymen, and that commitments to wage war on the Continent, in any circumstances, are repugnant to the majority of them.

* * *

It is hardly possible, therefore, for the British Government to undertake obligations of this character, beyond those implied in the Covenant. The original German proposal did not, indeed, invite them to do so. The more closely that proposal is examined, the more clearly it is seen to correspond to Articles 10 to 16 of the Covenant. It is the French Government which has introduced dangerous complications into the project, by seeking to hedge Germany in with rigid arbitration treaties, backed by "automatic" sanctions and applicable to all her frontiers. To a Pact on such lines, Great Britain cannot subscribe. Still less will she be a party to forcing any such project upon Germany. On this

point we agree with Mr. Garvin, who wrote in last Sunday's OBSERVER:—

"These negotiations were opened on the sagacious and moderating initiative of German statesmanship. They have been promoted by this country with a chief view to genuine reconciliation as well as practical security. Berlin cannot be subjected again to mere diplomatic pressure by the Allies without destroying the grace and moral value of the whole attempt."

* * *

It is not unlikely, therefore, that the Pact negotiations may break down when the vital stage of the conference with the Germans has been reached. If this occurs, without unnecessary acrimony, there will be no cause for lamentation. The problem is a thorny one, and the explorations which have been made have already produced instructive results. We are not without hope that they may have tended to reconcile Germany to the idea of joining the League, since the last German Note appealed repeatedly to the formulas of the Covenant as preferable to those put forward by France. A decision by Germany to enter the League, and to seek from within to develop its procedure and institutions, would, in our judgment, contribute far more to European peace and stability than any Pact. Britain has, indeed, no reason to desire a Pact for its own sake. Such commitments could only be entered into with misgiving, and, while we should be prepared to underwrite a pact of mutual forbearance between France and Germany, as a step towards getting those nations to work together in the League, we should be relieved to find that it was unnecessary to do so.

* * *

Meanwhile, the evacuation of the Ruhr is proceeding smoothly, and that of the "sanction" towns is promised on an early date. This cannot fail to relieve the tension in Europe and to provide a favourable atmosphere for negotiation. Difficult and delicate negotiations are inevitable in the near future, for besides the Pact, and the question of Germany's entry into the League, which overshadows next month's meeting of the Assembly, there still remain German disarmament and the evacuation of Cologne to be dealt with. By tacit

agreement, the last-mentioned questions have been put in cold storage until it was seen whether a Pact could be promptly arranged. If, however, the French reply to the last German Note is seriously delayed, or if it is unacceptable to Germany, the Cologne question will at once be raised. From the British standpoint, the evacuation of the Cologne Zone, which was due, under the Treaty of Versailles, last January, has only been delayed by the failure of Germany to carry out completely the disarmament clauses of the Treaty. As soon, therefore, as these conditions have been reasonably fulfilled, the British troops should be withdrawn from that area, and we hope that the Government will not be deflected from that straightforward course, even if it does not altogether commend itself to French opinion.

The Council of the League of Nations, when it meets simultaneously with the Assembly next month, will have before it an item of business of particular interest to the British Government. The future of Mosul,—whether it should be part of Turkey, or of Iraq,—was left by the Treaty of Lausanne to the decision of the League. The Council accordingly appointed a Commission, consisting of a Swede, a Hungarian, and a Belgian, to collect the information necessary for this decision to be made, and the Report of the Commission has just been published. First, the Commissioners reject the British claim that Mosul is already an integral part of Iraq. "It is indisputable," they say, "that Turkey retains her legal sovereignty over the disputed territory so long as she does not renounce her rights." It is improbable, however, that the Council will base its decision entirely on this legal issue, and the Commissioners, after a strenuous effort to assess the trend of local opinion, have arrived at some very shrewd conclusions, which are not a little embarrassing to Great Britain and Iraq. Looking at the question entirely from the point of view of the interests of the populations concerned, they consider that the best solution would be to incorporate the Mosul area in Iraq on the condition that the mandate of the League is maintained there for twenty-five years. If this is impracticable, they are convinced that the majority of the people would prefer Turkish to Arab sovereignty.

Such a finding, if it is endorsed by the League Council, will place the British Government on the horns of a serious dilemma. It will be remembered that the treaty originally negotiated between King Faisal and Great Britain was framed to run for twenty years. It became clear, however, that the Iraq National Assembly would not accept a treaty definitely deferring for so long the realization of its independence, and our own financial situation made the acceptance of a commitment of that kind undesirable. The treaty period was therefore reduced by a protocol to four years. It now remains to be seen whether the Iraq Parliament will be prepared to accept British control for twenty-five years, and whether the British Government is prepared to undertake commitments which on a moderate estimate would run us in for an expenditure of £75 millions in order to secure the attachment of the Mosul area to Iraq. The next move is with the Council of the League; but a question vital to our good faith at once arises. Our Foreign Office is obviously furious with the Report, and a propaganda of aspersions on the impartiality of the Commission is at work in the British Press. We trust that this does not mean that we shall exert backstairs pressure on the Council to award Mosul unconditionally to Iraq notwithstanding the evidence before them. The

sincerity of our attachment to the principle of justice in international disputes will be rightly judged by our readiness to accept awards we do not like.

The rebellion in the Jebel Druse undoubtedly creates an awkward situation for M. Painlevé's Government; but its local importance should not be exaggerated. The Druse are hard and obstinate fighters; but for centuries they have lived in the Hauran at enmity with the surrounding Arabs, from whom their manners and religious practices completely separate them. It is possible that their revolt will create unrest among the neighbouring Bedouins; but it is most unlikely to be the rallying point of a general insurrection. The reports that the Druse are already burning and pillaging Moslem villages are much more probable than the rumours of concerted action between the Arabs and the revolted mountaineers. The difficulties the French Government have to face are domestic rather than imperial. M. Painlevé will probably have to call for reinforcements from home—necessarily a most unpopular measure—and he will have to answer for General Sarrail's appointment and conduct as High Commissioner in Syria. The first point needs no comment. The importance of the second can only be gauged by reference to the General's previous career.

General Sarrail was much associated with the anti-clerical party in the army before the war, but probably owed his promotion as much to his soldierly qualities as to his political opinions. In the opening moves, he displayed conspicuous ability; but he was eventually removed from his command by General Joffre, on the ground that unsigned memoranda, criticizing the Commander-in-Chief, were reaching Paris from Sarrail's headquarters. His political friends then obtained for him the command of the *armée d'orient*, which subsequently became the Salonica Expeditionary Force. In this position Sarrail proved himself an admirable soldier but a man totally devoid of political sense. In his dealings with the Greeks he was always hasty, arbitrary, tactless, and violent. In his relations with his British Allies he was little better, and he was finally removed at the instance of the British Government. He then remained out of employment till the Herriot Government selected him to displace General Weygand in Syria—an administrative post calling for a high degree of tact, patience, and discretion. General Sarrail's record gives a stamp of probability to the accusations in the *Echo de Paris* and the published statement of the exiled Druse chieftain in Cairo. The present Government did not appoint him; but they will have to answer for their party, and the charges against the Cartel will be difficult to meet. They made a bad appointment, and made it for party reasons.

No one likes to be "had" in a business deal, but such a fate is peculiarly abhorrent to a Yorkshireman, and perhaps especially so if another Yorkshireman is the culprit. The wool trade employers are in this position, and therefore twenty-seven hours of continuous negotiation with the operatives ended without an agreement—one is tempted to add that only Yorkshiremen are capable of such a feat! Both sides have agreed that a Court of Inquiry into the state of the industry should be held, and if it makes definite recommendations as to wages, they are to be accepted and enforced. But the employers insist that wages shall be reduced by five per cent. pending the Court's report, with the proviso that if no reduction is eventually recommended, the operatives

shall receive back the accumulated amount. From this the operatives appeal to the "established custom" that there should be no change in conditions pending the results of an inquiry. The employers do not dispute this principle in normal circumstances, but they insist that the present situation is abnormal. The employers halved their original demand for a 10 per cent. reduction, under the impression, for which a written statement by the unions certainly gives some ground, that this would be recommended for acceptance by the union leaders; actually the union leaders were specifically precluded from accepting any reduction whatever. So the employers feel that they have been "had," and are doggedly determined to save what they still can from the wreck.

* * *

A statement on economy included, by Admiralty instructions, in Port Orders, has appeared in the Press. After a pious preamble to the effect that "the strength of the Empire depends not only upon its armed forces but upon its general prosperity," the order concludes that coming economies "may militate against comfort of Fleet personnel," and invites officers and men to accept cheerfully any "inconvenience or discomfort," and "do their utmost to minimize any reduction of efficiency that may ensue." The Admiralty no doubt wonder, like Mr. Vincent Crummies, "how these things get into the papers"; but if they are to obtain the advantages of newspaper propaganda, they must accept its inconveniences in the shape of public criticism. Why should the Admiralty prejudge the inquiry by Lords Colwyn, Chalmers, and Bradbury, and assume that administrative economies are incompatible with efficiency? Why this reference to the comfort of the personnel? The standard of living in ward rooms, gun rooms, and the lower deck is already so modest that only derisory economies could be effected by reducing it. Are the Admiralty playing the old departmental game of using small voluntary economies, often unjustifiable, to divert attention from big items of expenditure that are difficult to defend? Or is their main object to render the whole economy campaign unpopular? Is this a Port Order or a propagandist pamphlet?

* * *

The Imperial Economic Committee have now presented their first report on the marketing of Empire foodstuffs. They are largely concerned with the expenditure of the £1,000,000 a year which Mr. Baldwin characteristically proposed to allocate to boosting Empire products, as a means of getting round the emphatic rejection by the electorate of the food preferences proposed by the Imperial Economic Conference. Of this grant they propose that 65 per cent. should be spent on "the promotion of Empire buying in the United Kingdom"; 15 per cent. on research, and 20 per cent. in other ways. There is something Gilbertian in this direct taxation of the consumer to pay the publicity expenses of the producer; but in the present condition of British trade and finance the humour of expending £1,000,000 a year, merely for the purpose of diverting a certain amount of trade from one channel to another, has a still more ironic flavour than when it was first proposed.

* * *

A considerable proportion of the report is devoted to proposals for identifying Empire products by compulsory labelling of goods as "home-grown," imperial, or foreign in origin. There is a complete absence of any reference to the possibility of retaliatory action by foreign countries along this or any of the other lines of

discrimination suggested; but we note with some amusement that the Fruit Sub-Committee are very doubtful as to the advantages of labelling Empire products as such, unless there is a great advance in their grading and presentation. By far the most valuable part of the report is, indeed, that connected with the encouragement of research into such subjects as methods of grading, packing, and marketing; cold storage, and the diseases of animals and fruit. There is here some real recognition of the fact that an increased consumption of Empire products will be promoted by the ability of the Empire producer to provide as good an article as his foreign competitors at a lower price, or a better article at the same price, more effectively than by either subsidies or sermons. It seems, however, that we are to pay rather a high price for his education.

* * *

The new definition by the Labour Party of its policy respecting the importation of "sweated goods" is significant of the drift of the party towards protection. The actual proposals put forward by a representative Committee and adopted by the executive of the party are sufficiently guarded to be innocuous, but it is a matter of some importance that men like Mr. Snowden, Mr. Webb, and Mr. Arthur Greenwood should have signed a Report which is protectionist in spirit. Discriminatory tariffs are indeed ruled out by the Committee, but an international boycott of "sweated goods" is recommended. The gist of the proposed policy is that international standards should be worked out and embodied in conventions, and that the persistent refusal by a nation to adopt such conventions should be followed by the exclusion by all signatory States of the goods produced under sweated conditions. The Committee thinks that "it would be advisable in the first instance to limit the definition of sweating to goods produced in violation of the Washington Hours Convention," adding with a welcome touch of realism that "the boycott could only apply where and to the extent to which there was an alternative source of supply."

* * *

The report of this Committee is described by the DAILY HERALD as "exhaustive, penetrating, and constructive." In fact, the policy outlined is only innocuous because it is likely to be futile. The rôle of international labour legislation is bound, in our judgment, to remain a very modest one. The widely differing economic circumstances of different countries make widely divergent wage standards inevitable. The true criterion of whether the conditions in a given industry in a given country are to be condemned as "sweated" must therefore be the relation of those conditions to conditions in other industries in the same country, not to those in other countries. For this reason, national rather than international action must be the main instrument of the attack on sweating. There are, of course, exceptions to this rule, the prohibition, for instance, of processes which are injurious to health, and these constitute the true rôle of the International Labour Office. Up to a point, the limitation of working hours can be brought within this category. But it is idle to suppose that the general wage-level of a country can be raised by international pressure; and a policy of convention and boycott, inspired less by the desire to promote the interests of the workers in "backward" countries than by the desire to protect workers in "advanced" countries against the "unfair" competition of lower standards, will lead to nothing good,

AN OPEN LETTER TO MR. BALDWIN

DEAR MR. BALDWIN,—You were faced with a terrible dilemma a fortnight ago. No one who has observed the working of your mind, as revealed in your admirable speeches, will impute the decision you took to cowardice or weakness. You have made it your special mission as Prime Minister to promote the cause of peace in industry. You feel for that cause, as you have told us, the same intense passion of devotion that others feel for international peace. You have seen industrial strife at close quarters; you know the suffering, the bitterness, the waste which it entails; you envisage its costs in terms of flesh and blood. It was this deep hatred of industrial strife that prompted you to make the appeal you made last March, and the response which that appeal immediately evoked must have convinced you that, if a serious industrial conflict should occur, it would not be the inevitable outcome of revolutionary feeling, it would be due, as Mr. Bonar Law once said of actual war, to "the failure of human wisdom." For nothing which has since occurred can detract from the amazing effect which those speeches of yours exerted at the time on the industrial atmosphere. It was a personal tribute of which you may well be proud; for only a statesman known to be disinterested, right-feeling, and genuine to the core could have moved the masses of working men as you unquestionably did.

It was a tribute no less to the fundamental moderation, reasonableness, and goodwill of British labour. It would have been, indeed, a tragedy of frustrated hopes if, within five months, the country had been plunged under your leadership into an industrial conflict of unprecedented horror and menace. It is not surprising that you should have thought it wise to purchase a respite at almost any price.

But, if you are to be justified in the course you took, it is essential that the conflict should not merely be postponed. If we are "to have it out" when the nine months' truce is over, we are in for something immeasurably more dangerous than what we have just escaped. Would it have been right, you asked in the House of Commons, to allow the struggle to take place when the public mind was quite unprepared for it? I am much more frightened of a struggle which occurs when the public mind is prepared for it. For what must preparation mean? Administrative precautions taken by the Government which will seem to Labour a wanton provocation. Plans of action formulated by the trade unions, which will be denounced as unconstitutional and seditious. Propaganda and counter-propaganda; in the Press, in the streets, and in the workshops. The heightening of combative instincts, the preaching of class-hatred. Hot-headed folly everywhere at a premium, sanity and moderation at a discount. The exacerbation of the situation by heaven knows what Fascist and Communist excesses. All this before the struggle actually begins. I do not believe that a conflict this month would have been a fatal disaster. But if we plunge into it next spring, it will be Niagara indeed. And that is not all. This class-war atmosphere, which is almost bound to develop, which in fact is developing already, will add enormously to the difficulty of maintaining peace. Labour is not likely to become more willing during the next few months to accept substantial wage reductions; employers are not likely to become more willing to work on indefinitely at a loss. Indeed, it may be difficult enough to stave off serious trouble in other unsheltered industries during the currency of the coal truce. If the

economic situation is no easier next May than it is now, if we have still a huge gulf between the actual wages of the miners and what the industry can afford to pay, with the same thing holding true in a lesser degree of the remainder of the export trades, I can see little hope. Our only real chance now lies in a radical improvement in the economic situation of the export trades; we have staked everything on that.

You may say (for it is a very common attitude):—"That unfortunately is outside my control. I hope the economic situation will improve; but, with the best will in the world, there is nothing I can do to make it better." That is not so. Clearly there is something you *could* do. You could abandon the Gold Standard and allow the exchange to fall back to its natural level. That would transform the situation for the export trades and make their problems manageable once again. "Impossible," you say. "We have gone back to gold for better or worse. It would never do to run away from it now." I admit the disadvantages of doing so. I do not wish to make light of them; they are real and serious. But they must be weighed against the disadvantages of alternative courses. And what if the only alternative should be the real class-war, in which incidentally the Gold Standard would disappear along with many other things? You cannot now expect to find a magic expedient which has no disadvantages. You have thought it a good bargain to pay, perhaps £20 millions, or perhaps a good deal more, for the sake of a truce which will do harm if it merely postpones the conflict. Surely, then, to avert it altogether must be worth quite a heavy bill of disadvantages.

I do not mean to urge you to precipitate action in the matter. Possibly so drastic a step may not be necessary, for we must always make a large allowance for the incalculable and the unexpected. What I urge is that you should face the fact that this unpleasant monetary question is of the very essence of your problem. You must allow no possibility that might solve the problem to be ruled out for fear of admitting past error, or on obscurantist grounds. And, above all, you must not merely devolve this task on others. You must attend to it yourself, if only to the extent of making sure that the pros and cons of alternative courses are judged from the right angle, not from the angle of men like Lord Hunsdon, who want you to destroy the power of the trades unions, but from your own angle of the supreme importance of industrial peace.

For it is here that, if I may suggest, you are open to criticism in the past. It may seem hard to lay any special blame on you for the decision to return to gold. If ever there was an essentially technical question, on which Ministers must be mainly guided by expert opinion, this seemed one. And the voice of expert opinion—or rather of official expert opinion—was quite definite. The Treasury, the Bank of England, the Currency Committee, all advised in the same sense. Were you to be expected to think out for yourself the principles of currency, and to set your opinions on the subject above theirs? No. But I think you should have *smelt* that there was something wrong. You had plenty of warnings to put you on your guard. You must be well aware that it is rash to dismiss lightly the warnings of men like Sir Josiah Stamp and Mr. Keynes, whose speciality is indeed their trick of being right when conventional experts, under a wave of herd emotion, are going badly wrong. And once on your guard, I say you should have smelt danger in what the official experts were saying. References to the readjustments that would doubtless be necessary, the temporary inconveniences that might

ensue, the "significant fall in the price-level," to quote the Currency Committee, that we might have to "face"—should not these have been enough to show you that the real point at issue was not the technical question, but the wisdom or unwisdom of subjecting industry to immediate difficulties and risking industrial strife for the sake of the prestige of the City? Should you not have grasped that this was an issue on which you had a right and a duty to assert yourself, unless you were to see your whole effort for industrial peace reduced to tragic futility?

Well, the angle of vision will count for even more, if it comes to the choice at which I have hinted. You must not allow that choice to be determined by the judgment of men who regard a clash with Labour with the same lightness of heart with which so many of our countrymen looked forward to the Boer War, which was to pay off the old score of Majuba. You know very well how wide of the mark are the vituperations which are now in vogue against "the insolent challenge" of the trades unions. You know that it was only the fact that they felt themselves to be on the defensive that gave them unity and strength; that it was really the old story of—

"Cet animal est très méchant :
Quand on l'attaque, il se défend."

Yes, but if a struggle comes next spring, this will be no less true. I am anxious that you should not allow yourself to drift into this struggle, from which I know every fibre of your being will recoil, merely because you have closed your mind on a possible avenue of escape. In all friendliness and sincerity, I implore you to direct your mind to what I believe are the crucial factors, before it is too late.

INDUSTRIAL PACIFIST.

AM I A LIBERAL?*

By J. M. KEYNES.

II.

I DIVIDE the questions of to-day into five headings:—

1. Peace Questions.
2. Questions of Government.
3. Sex Questions.
4. Drug Questions.
5. Economic Questions.

On Peace Questions let us be Pacifist to the utmost. As regards the Empire, I do not think that there is any important problem except in India. Elsewhere, so far as problems of government are concerned, the process of friendly disintegration is now almost complete—to the great benefit of all. But as regards Pacifism and Armaments we are only just at the beginning. I should like to take risks in the interests of Peace, just as in the past we have taken risks in the interests of War. But I do not want these risks to assume the form of an undertaking to make war in various hypothetical circumstances. I am against Pacts. To pledge the whole of our armed forces to defend disarmed Germany against an attack by France in the plenitude of the latter's military power is foolish; and to assume that we shall take part in every future war in Western Europe is unnecessary. But I am in favour of giving a very good example, even at the risk of being weak, in the direction of Arbitration and of Disarmament.

I turn next to questions of Government—a dull but important matter. I believe that in the future the Government will have to take on many duties which it has avoided in the past. For these purposes Ministers and Parliament will be unserviceable. Our task must be to decentralize and devolve wherever we can, and in particular to establish semi-independent corporations

and organs of administration to which duties of government, new and old, will be entrusted;—without, however, impairing the democratic principle or the ultimate sovereignty of Parliament. These questions will be as important and difficult in the future, as the Franchise and the relations of the two Houses have been in the past.

The questions, which I group together as Sex Questions, have not been party questions in the past. But that was because they were never, or seldom, the subject of public discussion. All this is changed now. There are no subjects about which the big general public is more interested; few which are the subject of wider discussion. They are of the utmost social importance; they cannot help but provoke real and sincere differences of opinion. Some of them are deeply involved in the solution of certain economic questions. I cannot doubt that Sex Questions are about to enter the political arena. The very crude beginnings represented by the Suffrage Movement were only symptoms of deeper and more important issues below the surface.

Birth Control and the use of Contraceptives, Marriage Laws, the treatment of sexual offences and abnormalities; the economic position of women, the economic position of the family,—in all these matters the existing state of the Law and of orthodoxy is still mediæval—altogether out of touch with civilized opinion and civilized practice and with what individuals, educated and uneducated alike, say to one another in private. Let no one deceive himself with the idea that the change of opinion on these matters is one which only affects a small educated class on the crust of the human boiling. Let no one suppose that it is the working women who are going to be shocked by ideas of Birth Control or of Divorce Reform. For them these things suggest new liberty, emancipation from the most intolerable of tyrannies. A party which would discuss these things openly and wisely at its meetings would discover a new and living interest in the electorate—because politics would be dealing once more with matters about which everyone wants to know and which deeply affect everyone's own life.

These questions also interlock with economic issues which cannot be evaded. Birth Control touches on one side the liberties of women, and on the other side the duty of the State to concern itself with the size of the population just as much as with the size of the army or the amount of the Budget. The position of wage-earning women and the project of the Family Wage affect not only the status of women, the first in the performance of paid work, and the second in the performance of unpaid work, but also raise the whole question whether wages should be fixed by the forces of supply and demand in accordance with the orthodox theories of *laissez-faire*, or whether we should begin to limit the freedom of those forces by reference to what is "fair" and "reasonable" having regard to all the circumstances.

Drug Questions in this country are practically limited to the Drink Question; though I should like to include gambling under this head. I expect that the Prohibition of alcoholic Spirits and of Bookmakers would do good. But this would not settle the matter. How far is bored and suffering humanity to be allowed, from time to time, an escape, an excitement, a stimulus, a possibility of change?—that is the important problem. Is it possible to allow reasonable licence, permitted Saturnalia, sanctified Carnival, in conditions which need ruin neither the health nor the pockets of the roysterers, and will shelter from irresistible temptation the unhappy class who, in America, are called addicts?

* The second part of an address at the Liberal Summer School. The first part appeared in last week's NATION.

I must not stay for an answer, but must hasten to the largest of all political questions, which are also those on which I am most qualified to speak—the economic questions.

An eminent American economist, Professor Commons, who has been one of the first to recognize the nature of the economic transition amidst the early stages of which we are now living, distinguishes three epochs, three economic orders, upon the third of which we are entering.

The first is the Era of Scarcity, "whether due to inefficiency or to violence, war, custom, or superstition." In such a period "there is the minimum of individual liberty and the maximum of communistic, feudalistic or governmental control through physical coercion." This was, with brief intervals in exceptional cases, the normal economic state of the world up to (say) the fifteenth or sixteenth century.

Next comes the Era of Abundance. "In a period of extreme abundance there is the maximum of individual liberty, the minimum of coercive control through government, and individual bargaining takes the place of rationing." During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries we fought our way out of the bondage of Scarcity into the free air of Abundance, and in the nineteenth century this epoch culminated gloriously in the victories of *laissez-faire* and historic Liberalism. It is not surprising or discreditable that the veterans of the party cast backward glances on that easier age.

But we are now entering on a third era, which Professor Commons calls the period of Stabilization, and truly characterizes as "the actual alternative to Marx's communism." In this period, he says, "there is a diminution of individual liberty, enforced in part by governmental sanctions, but mainly by economic sanctions through concerted action, whether secret, semi-open, open, or arbitral, of associations, corporations, unions, and other collective movements of manufacturers, merchants, labourers, farmers, and bankers."

The abuses of this epoch in the realms of Government are Fascism on the one side and Bolshevism on the other. Socialism offers no middle course, because it also is sprung from the presuppositions of the Era of Abundance, just as much as *laissez-faire* individualism and the free play of economic forces, before which latter, almost alone amongst men, the City Editors, all bloody and blindfolded, still piteously bow down.

The transition from economic anarchy to a régime, which deliberately aims at controlling and directing economic forces in the interests of social justice and social stability, will present enormous difficulties both technical and political. I suggest, nevertheless, that the true destiny of New Liberalism is to seek their solution.

It happens that we have before us, to-day, in the position of the Coal Industry, an object-lesson of the results of the confusion of ideas which now prevails. On the one side the Treasury and the Bank of England are pursuing an orthodox nineteenth-century policy based on the assumption that economic adjustments can and ought to be brought about by the free play of the forces of supply and demand. The Treasury and the Bank of England still believe—or, at any rate, did until a week or two ago—that the things, which would follow on the assumption of free competition and the mobility of capital and labour, actually occur in the economic life of to-day.

On the other side not only the facts, but public opinion also, have moved a long distance away in the direction of Professor Commons's epoch of Stabilization.

The Trade Unions are strong enough to interfere with the free play of the forces of supply and demand, and Public Opinion, albeit with a grumble and with more than a suspicion that the Trade Unions are growing dangerous, supports the Trade Unions in their main contention that Coalminers ought not to be the victims of cruel economic forces which *they* never set in motion.

The idea of the old-world party, that you can, for example, alter the value of money and then leave the consequential adjustments to be brought about by the forces of supply and demand, belongs to the days of fifty or a hundred years ago when Trade Unions were powerless, and when the economic Juggernaut was allowed to crash along the highway of Progress without obstruction and even with applause.

Half the copybook wisdom of our statesmen is based on assumptions which were at one time true or partly true, but are now less and less true day by day. We have to invent new wisdom for a new age. And in the meantime we must, if we are to do any good, appear unorthodox, troublesome, dangerous, disobedient to them that begat us.

In the economic field this means, first of all, that we must find new policies and new instruments to adapt and control the working of economic forces, so that they do not intolerably interfere with contemporary ideas as to what is fit and proper in the interests of social stability and social justice.

It is not an accident that the opening stage of this political struggle, which will last long and take many different forms, should centre about monetary policy. For the most violent interferences with stability and with justice, to which the nineteenth century submitted in due satisfaction of the philosophy of Abundance, were precisely those which were brought about by changes in the price-level. But the consequences of these changes, particularly when the Authorities endeavour to impose them on us in a stronger dose than even the nineteenth century ever swallowed, are intolerable to modern ideas and to modern institutions.

We have changed, by insensible degrees, our philosophy of economic life, our notions of what is reasonable and what is tolerable; and we have done this without changing our technique or our copybook maxims. Hence our tears and troubles.

A party programme must be developed in its details day by day under the pressure and the stimulus of actual events; it is useless to define it beforehand, except in the most general terms. But if the Liberal Party is to recover its forces, it must have an attitude, a philosophy, a direction. I have endeavoured to indicate my own attitude to politics, and I leave it to others to answer, in the light of what I have said, the question with which I began—Am I a Liberal?

THE CASE OF MR. COOKE.

MR. COOKE is a British Civil Servant, an Assistant District Commissioner at Ruiru in Kenya Colony. Recently the Duke of Devonshire, as Secretary of State for the Colonies in a Conservative Government, defined British policy in Kenya Colony in an official dispatch as follows:—

"Primarily, Kenya is an African territory, and His Majesty's Government think it necessary definitely to record their considered opinion that the interests of the African natives must be paramount, and that if, and when, those interests and the interests of the immigrant races should conflict, the former should prevail. . . . In the administration of Kenya His Majesty's Government regard themselves as exercising a trust on behalf of the

African population. . . . This paramount duty of trusteeship will continue, as in the past, to be carried out under the Secretary of State for the Colonies by the agents of the Imperial Government, and by them alone."

Mr. Cooke is one of these agents of the Imperial Government, and it is incumbent upon him to carry out this paramount duty of trusteeship and to see that within his district the interests of the African natives prevail over the interests of the immigrant races.

Now in Ruiru, Mr. Cooke's district, there are a small number of persons belonging to immigrant races—English and Scotch, if one may judge from their names. They are white settlers owning farms and estates, a class of persons to whom Mr. Ormsby-Gore and his fellow Commissioners recently gave so glowing a testimonial. These gentlemen are extremely anxious to get the Africans to work on their farms for extremely low wages, and, as is now well known, the Africans do not respond with any alacrity. Here then appears to be one of those cases where the interests of the native and of the immigrant races conflict. The settlers themselves confirm the view, for those in Ruiru made a joint complaint to the Kenya Government against Mr. Cooke on the ground that he showed "an attitude of hostility to the settlers and an attitude of undue partiality to natives in cases where natives and Europeans are concerned." So serious did the Government consider this complaint that they ordered a Commission of three officers, namely, the Chief Justice of the Colony, the Chief Native Commissioner, and a Member of the Legislative Council, to inquire into Mr. Cooke's conduct.

The inquiry was held in May, and the verbatim report of the evidence, which has just reached us, is extraordinarily interesting as showing the mentality of the white settler in Kenya Colony. The complaints of five settlers were investigated. Two of these complaints were held by the Commissioners to be frivolous, but one of the two was significant. Major Goldsworthy complained that he attended Mr. Cooke's court one day, and during the hearing of a case (in which Major Goldsworthy was in no way concerned) two native chiefs entered the court and Mr. Cooke shook hands with them. Mr. Cooke had only just taken over his duties in the district, and the chiefs apparently came in to pay their respects to him. Major Goldsworthy, however, was terribly shocked, as he considered that Mr. Cooke "intentionally wished to slight the Europeans in court on that day."

It throws some light upon the position which the white immigrants in Kenya claim for themselves that the settlers of Ruiru should formally complain to the Government of a Civil Servant on the ground that he shook hands with native chiefs in their presence. The Commissioners, we are glad to see, held the complaint to be frivolous, so we may pass on to those complaints which were not considered frivolous.

The complaint of a Captain Harries had to do with a native called Kariuki who was working on his estate. Kariuki was given seven days' leave by Captain Harries, but, instead of returning, sent a woman substitute, who worked in his place for many weeks. This happened in the time of Mr. Cooke's predecessor, Mr. Oldfield, and Captain Harries wrote a note to Mr. Oldfield saying that "the blighter of whom he had complained had not turned up," and would Mr. Oldfield punish him? Mr. Oldfield, who appears to be a Civil Servant without any undue partiality to natives, detained Kariuki as a prisoner for thirty-five days, taking him with him on circuit and making him carry the loads, all this without pay. This action on the part of Mr. Oldfield was illegal. Almost immediately afterwards Mr. Oldfield was transferred and Mr. Cooke appointed in his place. Kariuki came to

Mr. Cooke and complained that Captain Harries refused to sign him off. Kariuki was then tried by Mr. Cooke in Captain Harries's presence for being absent without leave, and during the course of the trial the fact that he had already been detained as a prisoner without trial for thirty-five days was investigated. Mr. Cooke expressed the opinion that such illegal punishments of natives were wrong, saying that he would report the matter to Government and recommend that the man should be paid for carrying the Assistant District Commissioner's loads for the thirty-five days. He found that Kariuki had been absent without leave, and ordered him to finish his contract, but he refused to inflict any other penalty in view of the fact that the native had already served thirty-five days. Such was the case in which Captain Harries alleged that Mr. Cooke had shown undue partiality to natives against Europeans.

Let us examine one more of the "serious" complaints. When Mr. Cooke took over duties from Mr. Oldfield he found a native called Kibunyi under detention. Kibunyi had worked off and on, unwillingly, on the estate of a white settler, a Mr. Archer. Mr. Archer had written a note to Mr. Oldfield saying that Kibunyi was a slacker and suggesting that he should be made to do communal compulsory work. When Mr. Cooke discovered this he wrote to Mr. Archer, saying that he understood the boy Kibunyi was being kept a prisoner to be taught a lesson and that the position was illegal. An acrimonious correspondence followed, in which Mr. Cooke maintained that it was wrong to force a native to work for wages for a white settler by the fear that, if he did not do so, he would be compelled to do communal work. Mr. Archer maintained that he was "an advocate of discipline among natives," and that "if they have been deliberately shirking their work as employees on European farms a little communal work under their chiefs does them no harm."

These two cases sufficiently reveal the position as regards the white settlers' claims in Kenya. Not content with the very drastic Labour Laws already in existence, they claim that the Civil Servants should exercise legal or illegal pressure upon the Africans to compel them to work for wages on the white immigrants' estates. Any laws which allow the Government to compel the natives to do communal work are to be used indirectly to force the natives to work for the white private employer. A Civil Servant who refuses to accept these claims is held to show "an attitude of undue partiality to natives," and must be reported to Government.

And what is the attitude of the Government? As for the results of this particular inquiry, the facts were so damningly against the settlers that no judicial commissioners could possibly find anything but that Mr. Cooke's action was in every case entirely justified. The settlers have been left to get what satisfaction they can out of the Commissioners' rider that in some of the cases there had been an absence of tact on both sides during "a notoriously touchy season." On the other hand, the Commissioners draw attention to the fact that it was stated during the inquiry that Mr. Cooke had previously been moved by the Government from another district "on the complaints of planters without being told the reason for his removal." They add:—

"A practice of moving Assistant District Commissioners because of grievances alleged by planters without full investigation can only lead to a most unwholesome condition in that branch of the service. We consider that Mr. Cooke's request for an investigation is reasonable."

Is Mr. Oldfield's treatment of the unfortunate Kariuki not a symptom of such an unwholesome condition?

One other point should be noted. The behaviour and evidence of the planters put forward to accuse Mr. Cooke were, except in the case of Mr. Archer, lamentable, showing a lack of dignity, decency, and straightforwardness which would hardly be credible to anyone who had not read the verbatim report. They showed that they had not even a rudimentary notion of law and justice; yet they are the people who are demanding "responsible government" and the handing over to their absolute control of the millions of Kenya natives; and they are the people who, according to Mr. Ormsby-Gore and similar apologists, are performing a great work of "civilization" by their "contact" with the natives and by forcing them to work on their estates for a few shillings a week. Mr. Archer, it should be said, was a notable exception; his evidence was that of an intelligent and honest man; yet even he apparently could not see the danger of allowing the planter to be both the employer of the natives and the judge of whether they should be compelled to work for him.

This inquiry proves that those have been right who have been exposing the dangerous pressure exercised upon the Kenya Government by the planters to establish forced labour by indirect measures. The power to exact communal labour in the Reserves is definitely used by those Civil Servants who are afraid of the planters to compel natives to work on the estates. Some correspondence between the Colonial Office and the Kenya Government, recently published in a White Paper, shows that the former institution is alive to this danger; unfortunately, it also shows, like the case of Mr. Cooke, that if the conscription of natives is permitted for any purpose, it will almost certainly be used to force reluctant natives into the employ of the Captain Harrieses of Kenya Colony.

LIFE AND POLITICS

A NEW variation of the game of "Cabinet-making" has been popular this week; the object of the players being to forecast the composition of the Coal Commission. Even experienced politicians show diffidence, however, in this task. They prefer to approach the problem by the method of elimination. Coal-owners and miners' leaders are ruled out for obvious reasons. Indeed *any* Labour leaders are taboo, because they would be bound to report in favour of nationalization. But the absence of a Labour element would make it difficult to include a "capitalist" element, although the leaders of "Big Business" are about the only men who can be said to be "experts" on the particular problem of the economies of amalgamation. The members of the Macmillan Committee would probably be black-balled by Mr. Churchill, and neither Mr. Justice Sankey nor Lord Buckmaster is likely to be invited by this Government to inquire again into coal-industry problems. At this point, most people seem to be reduced to suggesting Lord Sumner, who gained a reputation early in the Reparations controversy for finding hidden millions—and leaving it at that.

Are not all these discussions between M. Briand and Mr. Chamberlain over the Pact really out of place? I thought the idea was that Germany and France should

come to an arrangement for preserving the peace between themselves, and that *then* they should come to us for an additional guarantee that the Pact would be faithfully observed. We are told that the Pact is to be genuinely bilateral, and that that is why Britain can take a hand in it, while she refuses to lend herself to a special alliance with France. Is it not time that this bilateral note was introduced into the negotiations?

In the gallery of the League of Nations Assembly last year I sat next to Mr. Edward A. Filene, of Boston, no less valuable for his public enterprises than for the remarkable ingenuity displayed in the governance of his famous store. He was troubled by the dreariness and waste of time inseparable from the present arrangements of the Assembly, and he contended that the worst of it could be removed by mechanical devices, particularly in the matter of the speeches and translations. I am interested to see that he has been working on the problem, and has offered a scheme to the Secretariat. The formal statements could always be circulated in advance. As to the length of speeches, since the sovereignty of States is a delicate thing, the delegates presumably will have to enter into a self-denying ordinance. The translation difficulty, of course, is permanent. Germany will bring in a third language, while the prospect of a fourth, and that Russian, plunges the future of the Assembly into what Maurice Hewlett would have called the weeping murk.

In Sir Patrick Hastings's conduct of Major Sheppard's case there was one point that seems to me both curious and important. He laid stress more than once upon the police treatment of Major Sheppard as indefensible because of his being a man of position. If Sir Patrick meant that the identification of a man of position was a simple matter, his use of the argument was natural. But the wording of his questions did not suggest this. He seemed to imply that social position established a claim upon the police for considerate treatment. That, though good Tory doctrine, is the last thing we should expect from an ex-Attorney-General in a Labour Government.

If I were asked to name the three finest artists in pure oratory I have heard, Surendranath Banerjee, who died last week, would have to be among them. Mr. Nevinson, indeed, affirms that among the speakers he has listened to Gladstone alone was a greater master of the grand style. I knew him first when, hardly past his prime, he was the impassioned voice of Bengal against the Curzon policy and was enjoying himself enormously in the midst of immense crowds of his fellow-countrymen. As a member of the Imperial Press Conference, 1909, he delivered speeches in England, and especially one in Manchester, which made his audiences realize that the old tradition of English oratory had a superb representative in the East. Surendranath had all the essentials—clarity and rhythm, a noble voice, and an infallible instinct in the shaping of the sentence and the completed passage. He was a small, eager man, of inexhaustible energy, with great charm of manner, and no

malice in him—notwithstanding the fierceness with which the orator's rage would burst out in him. Born in 1848, a Brahmin of the highest order, he had witnessed and shared in every phase of the modern Indian movement, until Gandhi arose to break the Liberals and other Constitutionalists. Then Edwin Montagu made a captive of him. Surendranath became a Minister when the Reform Constitution was established, and he blundered stupidly in taking a knighthood. This was in 1921, when, the Gandhi crusade being at high-tide, the acceptance of a title by an Indian leader was political suicide. Surendranath, to be sure, could never be a rebel or an extremist. And he was a remarkably vivacious and fascinating person.

* * *

Now that Cissbury Ring is secured to the nation, as part of the South Downs heritage that must in due course be enlarged, I hope the National Trust will turn its earnest attention to the case of the country behind Lulworth Cove. Two summers ago the residents of, and visitors to, this exquisite part of the Dorset coast made strong protests against the Tanks training school and its attendant horrors—one of which was the frequent heavy bombardment. The firing has of late been materially lightened, but the Tanks remain in possession, and the War Office, I understand, is holding on to its policy in the matter of the lease, which involves a serious peril to the area. In Wessex the War Office and the Air Ministry already occupy an excessive amount of land. The Dorset coast is a national asset beyond price. The Lulworth cliffs and downs should be immediately put beyond danger.

* * *

A friend who has been roaming about Southern Germany writes: There is something singularly attractive and challenging in one aspect of present-day Germany about which, I think, little adequate has yet been written in England—namely, the activities of the young people. During the holiday season the spectacle of the *Wandervogel* is a daily and hourly excitement for the English observer. In every railway station, in every town, on the hillsides and in the forests, wherever you go, you come upon companies of young men and women, and of boys and girls from the high schools, carrying the wanderer's kit—sometimes very light, sometimes heavy as an infantryman's. In every group there is a guitar or fiddle, and the air of this entrancing August is full of melody. Very rarely does one see a *Wandervogel* in a good or new suit. Nearly every one of them seems to be poor. The girls wear the cheapest of home-made frocks—often, alas! a long way behind what the French or the Swiss girl can do in pattern and cut. I notice one very interesting thing: the girls in the Youth movement do not crop their hair. I speak only of what I have seen: and never have I seen young people in any country more natural, more completely happy, or behaving themselves in more delightful fashion.

* * *

No one imagines that the English Association or any other body can do anything towards expelling the *cliché*, even from our best journals, but why should we not be able to depend upon the more sensitive of our editorial and descriptive writers? No small part of the summer's reading is spoilt for some of us by the recur-

rence of that silliest of all cricket phrases, "the ashes." I do not know who brought it in; but I do know that such penmen as Mr. Garvin and Mr. Neville Cardus of the *MANCHESTER GUARDIAN* should be pained when they let it slip into their copy.

* * *

JOHN BULL'S 1000th Number.

Horatio on my pungent midden stored

The garbage from Old England's hidden deeps.

They locked him up. Now Begbie scolds and weeps,

And flicks his Duster where the Monster roared!

KAPPA.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE EXCHANGE AND THE EXPORT TRADES

SIR,—The articles in *THE NATION* on Currency have been a terrible puzzle to me all summer, and not the least puzzling is the statement under "Whither Now?" in your issue of the 8th inst., that if the exchange had been allowed to remain where it was last year, round about \$4.40, the coal trade would have received for its exports 1s. 9d. a ton more than it does to-day. Would it not merely have received British currency of the face value of 1s. 9d. higher, but in reality of practically the same real value? In any case, imports having been substantially higher than exports, has the country not gained enormously on balance by getting over \$4.80 worth of goods for the £ sterling instead of only getting \$4.40 worth?

I followed pretty closely the results year after year of inflation in Germany. The more I studied the question the more I was convinced that the prosperity of the German export trade was due to the German workmen being hocused into the belief that the real value of the nominally high wages they were receiving was much greater than it actually was. In fact, it was their very low real wages that enabled the great export trade to be carried on, and it seems to me that if, instead of getting back to the gold parity, we had been content to have our paper notes worth 10 per cent. less than their face value, our exports might have been greater, but it would have been at the expense of our workmen only getting 18s. in wages when they thought they were getting 20s. Those in authority have adopted what I think the wiser course of restoring our currency to the real value it bears on its face, thereby enabling it to purchase 10 per cent. more commodities than the paper pound of a year ago, which could only buy \$4.40 worth instead of \$4.80 worth. If paper wages on the \$4.40 basis were fair, the straightforward course is to reduce them by 10 per cent. and pay in gold—making it clear that no real reduction is involved. Things that are equal to the same thing are equal to one another.—Yours, &c.,

D. M. STEVENSON.

Glasgow, August 11th, 1925.

[It is *not* true that the higher sterling prices which the coal trade would have received for its exports, if the exchange had remained at \$4.40, would have been "in reality of practically the same real value," because the internal deflation which is the logical corollary of the higher exchange has not yet taken place. A 10 per cent. reduction in all money-wages may be a "straightforward course," but, in the light of recent experience, does Sir Daniel think it will be a simple one? If and when it is accomplished, it will be, we agree, mainly, though not entirely, a case of "as you were," but the process is not pleasant to contemplate and meanwhile the export trades are very badly hit. Possibly Sir Daniel uses the term "in reality" to describe something which theoretically ought to happen and may perhaps happen in a year or two after a first-class row with Labour; but this is too mystical for us.—ED., *NATION*.]

OWNERS' PROFITS AND THE SUBSIDY

SIR,—The idea is being put about that by means of the Government subsidy to the coal-mining industry the owners are guaranteed a profit of 1s. 3d. a ton.

This idea is quite unfounded. There is no guarantee of 1s. 3d. a ton or of any other sum. The colliery owners are not even guaranteed the receipt of 13 per cent. of the net proceeds. This is merely part of a paper calculation to ascertain wages. It is true that if the proceeds of the industry remained constant month by month the owners would get their 13 per cent.; but as wages for, say, September are calculated by the results of May, June, and July, and as the price of coal shows a decided tendency to fall, it is quite probable that the proceeds of the industry for the month of September, out of which the wages ascertained in May, June, and July, and the profits, if any, must be paid, will be insufficient for that purpose.

In that event the owners will not receive their 13 per cent. It is, in fact, quite possible under the owners' proposals, owing to the "lag" between the ascertainment of wages and the payment of the wages thus ascertained, for collieries to continue operations at a loss as long as the price of coal continues to fall.

The following example may make the position clear. Reduce the calculation to that relating to one single ton of coal, and assume:—

	s.	d.
District proceeds, average per ton ..	18	6
Costs other than wages, ..	5	2
Surplus ..	13	4
87 per cent. to wages ...	11	7
13 per cent. to profits ...	1	9
	13	4

Of that 1s. 9d., 6d. would be handed back in aid of the subvention, increasing the Wage Fund to 12s. 1d.

But the above is a calculation only. The wages thus ascertained will fall to be borne by the owners in a later month. Suppose that in this later month the average district proceeds of the ton of coal (owing to a general fall in prices) are only—

	s.	d.
Costs other than wages ...	15	6
Net surplus for payment of wages and profits previously ascertained ...	5	2
	10	4

But the owners, *not the Government*, have to pay 12s. 1d. in wages. The Government merely makes up the difference between 12s. 1d. and whatever would have been the minimum under the 1924 Agreement. In such a case not only are the owners not guaranteed 1s. 3d. a ton—they are actually involved in a loss of 1s. 9d.—Yours, &c.,

PHILIP GEE,

Mining Association of Great Britain.

40, King Street, W.C.2.

August 7th, 1925.

[Mr. Gee is, of course, correct in saying that there is no absolute guarantee of profits, either to individual firms or to districts. But, surely, in view of the fact that the coal trade normally picks up as winter approaches, the price of coal is more likely to rise above than to fall below the very low level of recent months. If the price remains constant, the owners will, as Mr. Gee admits, obtain their 13 per cent. If it rises, the "lag" he describes will work out in their favour, and they will get more than 13 per cent., subject to the 1s. 3d. maximum. They will not do so well if the price falls further, and they may even make losses if it falls heavily and continuously, as he suggests. But in that case the outlook for the taxpayer is blacker still. For the subsidy must become larger each successive month. At what figure would Mr. Gee put the cost of the subsidy to the Exchequer on the basis of his illustrative assumptions? Would he question the statement that it must easily exceed £50 millions, if the owners make losses instead of profits over the nine months period as a whole? Does he really think this likely to happen? For our part, we are relieved to think it unlikely. But if the taxpayer gets out for the

£10 millions voted last week, or even for less than £20 millions, it will mean that the owners will get their 13 per cent.—ED., THE NATION.]

WAGE REDUCTIONS OR MONETARY REFORM?

SIR,—During the nine months' respite from lock-out or strike in the mining industry the country will have the opportunity to see clearly the practical issue which has been raised, namely, whether there is to be an all-round reduction of wages or a change in monetary policy.

Those who talk in exaggerated terms of the dictatorship of the Trade Unions or of the conflict between sheltered and unsheltered trades are only confusing the issue. The minority who obstinately control monetary policy without listening to criticism or learning from experience form a far smaller, more powerful, and, maybe, a more dangerous dictatorship than any hitherto achieved by Trade Union leaders. And there need be far less complaining by unsheltered trades of the conditions in those which are sheltered if monetary policy was directed to bringing prosperity to both at once, instead of poverty to each of them in turn. The larger the cake to share the less quarrelling there will be over the size of individual slices. If industry could be revived by a change in monetary policy, miners could have a larger slice of the proceeds without chunks being cut off the portions allotted to other trades.

Employers throughout the country have now an opportunity to unite with the Trade Unions in challenging the monetary policy of our financial oligarchy. On the other hand, if they follow a minority of bankers in demanding wage-reductions from the Trade Unions, they will involve themselves in a battle which is not of their choosing, and in which they will incur the odium for defending a policy which is against their own best interests.

The composition of the Coal Commission, the terms of reference, the witnesses it will call, will all show whether the present Government is prepared to examine the two alternatives: Wage-reduction *versus* a change in Monetary Policy. It is to be hoped that:—

(1) "The effect of monetary policy upon the competitive power of the coal industry" will be included in the terms of reference;

(2) If mine-owners and miners are to be disqualified from membership of the Commission, bankers will also be barred from judging in their own cause;

(3) If coal-owners and miners are to be called as witnesses and are to face cross-examination, bankers such as Mr. Montagu Norman and Sir Henry Strakosch will also be requested to defend their monetary policy before the Commission.—Yours, &c.,

W. ALLEN YOUNG.

Oxford and Cambridge Club, Pall Mall.

THE GOLD STANDARD AND THE NATIONAL DEBT

SIR,—In his recent pamphlet entitled "The Economic Consequences of Mr. Churchill," Mr. J. M. Keynes has the following on page 11:—

"When we raise the value of sterling by 10 per cent. we transfer about £1,000,000,000 into the pockets of the rentiers out of the pockets of the rest of us, and we increase the real burden of the National Debt by some £750,000,000 (thus wiping out the benefit of all our laborious contributions to the Sinking Fund since the war)."

Will you kindly allow me to ask through the courtesy of your columns, and with all deference to Mr. Keynes, if this is not rather a reckless statement? Particularly so in the place it occurs in the argument. For Mr. Keynes is not dealing with the theoretical results in the long run of an all-round fall in the general price-level, as that fall would affect the capital value of all fixed-interest bearing securities and Government stock; he is dealing with a stated problem of a 10 per cent. rise in the value of sterling *abroad* during the last twelve months or so, i.e., with the appreciation of the £ from 4.40 dollars to 4.86 dollars, and while referring to the difficulties of bringing about a general reduction in internal values (which is the very thing preventing such a merely nominal movement of transference) he makes the above bald statement without warning the less careful reader of

the assumptions on which it is based, or how the figures given are arrived at. I should say that nine out of ten readers would carry away the idea that Mr. Keynes stated that such had been the result of Mr. Churchill's recent action.

It is not even clear if the second figure is contained in the first, since holders of National Debt must surely be included among the "rentiers," and yet it reads as if the £1,000 millions referred to rentiers other than these.

But assuming for a moment that Mr. Keynes might be correct on certain assumptions, would Mr. Keynes also argue, or would he have done so in February, 1924, that since, during the previous twelve months (Feb., 1923—Jan., 1924), the value of sterling abroad fell 10 per cent., from 4.73 to 4.23 dollars to the £, in consequence we transferred £1,000 millions to the pockets of the rest of us from the pockets of the rentiers and reduced the real burden of the National Debt by some £750 millions?—Yours, &c.,

J. C.

Glasgow.

[Obviously, the increase in the real burden of the National Debt only arises when, and in proportion as, internal deflation takes place. Whether Mr. Keynes's pamphlet implies the contrary is a point which each reader must judge for himself in the light of the context; but we should not have read it so ourselves.—ED., NATION.]

THE INDUSTRIAL CRISIS

SIR,—It is hard to see how, even if the nation were prepared to face the "solid disadvantages" of re-abandoning the gold standard, the coal crisis can be settled without some alteration of wages or (much better) hours, or both.

But might not a reduction of wages be made tolerable by a system of taxing the highest earnings to supplement the lowest, bringing the latter up to an agreed minimum?

This would be perfectly just, for it is *not* equitable that a man working in a thick and easy seam close to the shaft should earn, by no more labour, double, or more than double, the wages of a man working, in a cramped position, a "difficult place" far from the shaft.

At the same time it would be no less equitable to tax specially the surplus profits of the rich mines in order to keep at least the best of the poorer ones in action, in the national interest, by subsidizing needed capital expenditure on shaft sinking, new plant, &c., and perhaps even guaranteeing a minimum return on capital of 1 per cent. or so.

It might help others of your readers as well as myself if you would give us a careful estimate of the nature and weight of those "solid disadvantages" implied in the proposed re-abandonment of the gold standard.—Yours, &c.,

OSWALD EARP.

13, Belsize Avenue, N.W.3.

August 10th, 1925.

[The "solid disadvantages" are mainly a matter of the position of London as an international money-market. We do not believe that that position would have been really prejudiced if we had delayed the return to gold for a few years longer, or even if we had never returned at all, provided we had kept the purchasing-power of sterling steady. But to abandon the gold basis after having restored it with a flourish of trumpets would be a very different matter. Distrust in sterling as a medium for international transactions would be widely felt abroad, and would inevitably be exaggerated beyond all reasonable measure by the dramatic nature of the event. It is impossible to compute how much business London would lose as a result; but we should have to be prepared for a considerable loss.

This is not quite all. The exchange would fall sharply, if gold were abandoned, which, up to a point, is just what trade needs. But the distrust accompanying the step might lead to that point being overshot; and there would be the danger of an undue depreciation, which in other ways is just as bad as an undue appreciation. We are not ourselves much frightened by this risk; in our judgment, it would be fairly easy to check a panic speculative fall in the exchanges, when the true position of equilibrium had been reached. Still, the risk must be reckoned with.

We are far from saying that these objections necessarily outweigh the disadvantages of remaining on gold, which may prove to be decidedly more "solid," literally as well as metaphorically. But they need to be weighed.—ED., NATION.]

COAL AND OIL

SIR,—Mr. Ernest Fayle thinks I have under-estimated the influence of fuel oil on the coal outlook, and quotes figures showing that the 1924 shipments of coal bunkers were 3.3 million tons below those in 1913. If he had completed his statistics, he would have seen that the coal bunker shipments in 1924 were 5,684,000 tons *above* those of 1919, and 3,849,000 tons above those of 1920. If I remember rightly, the Olympic was the first big passenger liner to be converted from coal to oil burning. This was at the end of 1919. The other big liners began to follow in 1920. I have always said that the advantages of oil fuel burning are so great in the case of passenger liners that coal will never be seen on board those liners again, but that does not affect the general statement I made with regard to the influence of oil on the coal bunkering trade. Some people (not Mr. Ernest Fayle) seem to want to make oil responsible for the coal depression rather than the return to gold.—Yours, &c.,

E. H. DAVENPORT.

The Athenæum, S.W.1.

August 10th, 1925.

NAVAL POLICY

SIR,—In the face of an accumulating body of evidence, I still hesitate to conclude that Liberalism has withdrawn from the duty of aiding to fashion a law of international amity as a substitute for war. I discriminate between its present leadership and its purposes. The former may change as the latter enlarge.

But your comment on my letter is not reassuring. I do not admit your assumption that "one lesson demonstrated by the late war" was "the futility of all attempts to 'humanize' war by international agreement." The effect of such a conclusion is to devitalize any effort towards the better order the world wants and to which our own people expect to be led. We must and can end war, but we must begin by believing it possible. Difficult as the task is, it must be pressed and achieved. No political combination in England has any chance of survival unless it is willing and equipped to help.

It is still true, although all the political parties in England choose to ignore it, "the freedom of the seas is the *sine qua non* of peace, equality, and co-operation. . . . It need not be difficult either to define or to secure the freedom of the seas if the Governments of the world sincerely desire to come to an agreement concerning it." (The late President Wilson to the American Senate, January 22nd, 1917.)

Those who assume the duty of guiding the thought and action of their fellows should face the realities of our grave position and not weakly relapse into the vain protection of unteachable Admirals.—Yours, &c.,

HOLFORD KNIGHT.

PACT OR COVENANT?

SIR,—Mr. J. M. Keynes is rendering great service, at the present moment, in delineating a Liberal policy in your columns. The creed of Liberalism is unassailable, but unless it can be differentiated from those of other parties and presented, the sands will soon run down, and we confront class war.

In the matter of the Pact, whether we support France against Germany or Germany against France, or step aside, forsooth! at the Franco-German frontier, to let the French troops pass, in case Germany attacks Poland, the battle will begin at the frontier. And who is to decide the aggressor? Mr. Keynes, at Cambridge, termed it silly; it is certainly childish were it not for our frightful obligations once more. The services for this military alliance already cost 120 millions, instead of 80 in 1914.

Do the Liberal leaders really think it represents Liberalism? Once Viscount Grey said, "Learn or perish!" and Mr. Lloyd George, "It was a war to end war." Have we

forgotten the mute appeal of the lost? Have we forgotten our only love? In the League of Nations Liberals have a national policy and a policy for Humanity. Let us have done with Pacts, and with the help of the Colonies hold that flag aloft to the world, with the insistency of a Joseph Chamberlain and the passion of a John Morley.—Yours, &c.,

RICHARD GILLBARD.

Willesden Green, N.W.

"THE CONTEMPTIBLE LITTLE ARMY"

SIR,—The "London Letter" of a provincial paper is not always the source of authentic history; but the SUSSEX DAILY NEWS, for its size, is a singularly good and independent paper, and its London Letter, whether syndicated or not, never seems written at random.

The following statement in the number for the 4th instant is therefore not negligible:—

"Nowhere in his book, though he first encountered the B.E.F., does Von Kluck refer to 'the contemptible little British Army.' That phrase, attributed to the ex-Kaiser, has passed into big history, and gave their immortal title to the 'Old Contemptibles.' It also incidentally served as the finest recruiting slogan of the war.

"Yet I am told, on exceedingly high military authority, that the ex-Kaiser never actually used the phrase.

"The whole story was the inspired invention of a British recruiting officer on the war propaganda staff."

Nothing need be said of its extreme seriousness to our national honour, or to that of the British officer originally responsible.

If it is false there must be evidence at the War Office or in the archives of the propaganda department to disprove it.

As Parliament is not sitting this evidence should be published at once.—Yours, &c.,

H. C. SOTHERAN.

140, Strand, W.C.2.

August 8th, 1925.

"ENGLAND" FOR "BRITAIN"

SIR,—Your anonymous Parliamentary Correspondent has much need to take to heart your own editorial dictum, "It is as well to have our history accurate." He must be as inexperienced a journalist as he is a parliamentarian or he would know that to use "England" for Britain and "English" for British is the hallmark of callow provincialism. THE NATION has always had a large circulation in

Scotland and we have some right to object to this silly slovenliness appearing in our weekly digest from London. We don't like it, believe me. The habit is peculiarly a Cockney one and offensive to Scotsmen. Please sharpen your blue pencil and use it, Mr. Editor.—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE AITKEN.

U.D.C. Office, 67, West Nile Street,
Glasgow.

August 10th, 1925.

[We apologize to our correspondent and to all Scotsmen for an oversight which is the more heinous as we have Scottish susceptibilities ourselves. But may we also plead that Scotsmen should be indulgent to this Sassenach infirmity, which is not without excuse? First, Britain and British are very ugly words as compared with England and English, and æsthetic effect is an object in some sentences. But let this pass. There is a more serious difficulty on which we desire enlightenment. What is the right word to use in place of "Englishmen" when one wishes to refer to Scotsmen too? Can one do no better than cumbrous phrases like "every British citizen," or "the people of this country," which are apt to prove cramping to the style? "Briton" smacks too much of woad, "Britisher" is unthinkable. After all, the word "Englishmen" is often used to include women as well as men, even by those whose feminism is above suspicion. Cannot Scotsmen occasionally allow a similar licence in the interests of simplicity? In any case, how do Scotsmen solve this problem?—ED., NATION.]

ENTER A SCHOOLMASTER

SIR,—Speaking in Northamptonshire last winter, I quoted Mr. Baldwin's observation at the famous meeting at the Carlton Club which broke up the Coalition Government:—

"Mr. Lloyd George has alienated an important section of our party."

Upon this pregnant observation I ventured to make what some may think a not less pregnant comment:—

"Sooner or later Mr. Baldwin will learn that no man can govern England to-day without alienating that section of Mr. Baldwin's party."

Has my pupil learnt his lesson yet?—Yours, &c.,

HUMPHREY PAUL.

August 11th, 1925.

MAD

By T. F. POWYS.

IT certainly took longer than one would have expected for the people of Norbury to realize that Jane Guppy's old mother had gone mad. But they did think so at last when the old lady was found sleeping with the pigs in the sty and eating out of the same trough with them nozzle to nozzle. Seeing her there, and watching her behaviour with interest for a moment or two, the village carrier, Mr. Balliboy, remarked harmlessly to himself, "that he believed there mid be something gone a little funny wi' she's head." He called to Jane Guppy, who said almost proudly when she came and peeped into the sty where her mother was,— "She do fancy she's self fine as a pig."

Although in Norbury to try to be so fine an animal as a pig might well be regarded as an attempt to climb higher than the human in the scale of being, yet Jane Guppy, fancying perhaps that the other pigs mightn't fat so well near to the new one, remarked casually to Mr. Balliboy,— "Maybe 'twould be best to get mother out from sty, though she be so clever."

This was done, though with some difficulty, and Mr. Balliboy placing a little straw in the carrier's

van, Jane, who was easily able to persuade her mother that she was going to market to be sold, bundled her in, and the carrier drove off to the county asylum.

When Mrs. Guppy returned to Norbury after taking her mother away, she was naturally as full, as a good pudding is of plums, of fine stories about what she had seen.

She expected, and indeed had advised this course to the matron, that they had better put her mother into another sty. "'Tis most like there be an empty woon out in they garden grounds." "But in a little moment," she said, telling her story with all proper excitement, "I did forget our mother, for there were a young silly girl that I had to look at."

Amongst the neighbours who were listening to Mrs. Guppy's account of what she had seen, there was a sad-mannered labourer whose name was Tom Keats. Tom was a simple person who was always mocked at by everyone because he had ideas above the common. "Tom do like they maidens," Mr. Morsay the sexton would remark, "but they maidens don't fancy Tom." This was true enough, for Tom had grown old in his longing

for love, a longing that in his case had met with no success.

Tom was quite a proper man too, but the reason that the girls gave for not liking him was, as Nellie Morsay put it, "that 'e don't give 'ee nothing only kisses."

Though Tom was thus disparaged, it was his own high ideals that made him so, for loving so ardently and so romantically, he could never think of a present out of his poor means that was good enough for a pretty young lady. Tom Keats was now fifty and no one would marry him. He would go to his work with his eyes downcast, and whenever he went past the Church-Yard gate, he would loiter a little there as if he would like to go right in, and stay.

For some reason or other, the idea of Mrs. Guppy's mother trying to be a real pig had interested Tom, and when Jane returned from the asylum with her story, he had knocked at her door to hear what had happened.

"I did forget our mother," said Jane, continuing it, "when I did see thik silly young girl." Tom moved nearer to Mrs. Guppy and looked up at her, waiting in excited expectation for her to go on.

"She were a beauty," said Mrs. Guppy, "her hair were bobbed in the latest fashion, and were as golden yellow as evening sunshine that be spread out over sky."

Mrs. Guppy looked at Tom. "'Tis mad maid who be for thee; 'tis thee's woon maiden that I have a seen at asylum," she said, laughing loudly at Tom Keats.

Whenever Tom saw Mrs. Guppy—and he now took to loitering by her cottage door instead of by the Church-Yard gate—he would ask her excitedly whether she had seen his girl again, and sometimes if Jane had been to the asylum to visit her mother, about whom she would remark carelessly, "Oh, she be still a-grunting, and they don't please her so well as to give her a trough to eat out of," she would begin to talk to Tom about the beautiful girl.

"She do walk about, same as a real lady though a silly one," she would say, "an' she do dance over they garden grounds, and do start a singing like one of they little hedge birds in green bushes. An' sometimes she do stand an' talk to they foolish wold men who do bide about growling, or else eating of their own coat buttons. She be the wonder of thik place, be mad maiden."

"If the poor silly maid bain't got no husband," said Tom, "do 'ee ask her if she'll take I for woon; do 'ee say that I love she more than meself, an' that I'll marry she for better or worse, be she wise or silly."

Upon the next occasion when Mrs. Guppy went to the asylum, and Tom knew that she was gone, he felt an odd lightness in his head. The month was June and the men were haymaking, and whenever Tom, who was upon the stack, looked across the field, he saw instead of the sulky figure of Farmer Told a wonderful girl walking, who appeared to come near to the stack and to say, "You've looked for me all your life, Tom, and now I'm all your own."

Tom Keats couldn't wait that evening to let Mrs. Guppy reach her cottage before he asked for her news, but stood so near to the van when it came that Mr. Balliboy had to stop it in a hurry to prevent the wheels running over him. "Motor car bain't no soft silly 'oman for 'ee to cuddle to," exclaimed the carrier crossly.

"Did 'ee ask her?" Tom called out excitedly to Mrs. Guppy, who was climbing out between two monstrous parcels.

"She were wi' mother," replied Jane Guppy, "when I did see she, an' pretty maid did look so sad, an' she were a-telling our mother that I wern't pig-killer Johnson, as wold 'oman did fancy."

"But what did she say about I?" asked Tom. "'Tell Tom,' she did say," replied Jane, "that there be many a better and a prettier maid for 'e to marry that do live at Norbury." "No, there bain't none," said Tom, replying to Mrs. Guppy as if she were the young lady in the madhouse; "No, thee be the maiden, and there bain't none other." Tom's happy look as he said this soon changed to an anxious one.

"There bain't none of they mad chaps that do look at she, be there?" he asked.

"Oh yes, there be," replied Mrs. Guppy, glad as every woman is to arouse jealousy in a man, "there be a dark-looking chap that do follow she whenever she be a walking in they garden grounds, and 'e do snap 'is teeth and wriggle 'is fingers at she."

"Ask thik mad maiden," said Tom, trying to get nearer to Mrs. Guppy, round the parcels, "ask she to come out to Tom, for cottage be ready, and all that I have got I will give to she. . . ."

And now every time Mrs. Guppy went to the asylum to visit her mother, she would take some message of love, and if she happened to see the beautiful girl she would bring back a message for Tom Keats that was always a kind one. And Tom was always expecting to see the girl coming to the cottage where he lived, dressed as a bride all ready for church.

Perhaps it was through thinking so much about her that Tom began to see things that are not usually noticed. Harvest time was come, and one day in the field Tom informed Farmer Told that beautiful beings clothed in golden garments were walking between the corn shocks. "Some do walk, and some do dance, but all be moving round I," said Tom. Farmer Told stared at Tom and then laughed loudly.

The laughter brought Tom to his senses for a moment, and he worked for a little while, but he soon threw down his fork and began to run after a hare that had been disturbed by the reaper.

"'Tis she," shouted Tom, "'tis mad maiden and she be running from t'other dark chap."

And after that Tom forgot to eat or to sleep, and was always fancying that he saw the mad girl. And often he would think that he was standing in front of her and driving off the dark mad man who was following her too. . . .

When Tom Keats was told to go to the asylum he went willingly, a nurse was sent to fetch him, and he went in Mr. Balliboy's car. Mrs. Guppy saw him off, and called to him at parting,—"Do 'ee mind to tell wold mother that the price of prime bacon be dropped." But Tom did not answer because he was only thinking about the lovely girl with the bobbed golden hair.

In a lane near to the asylum a group of men inmates were loitering in charge of an attendant. But nearer still—and Tom's heart leaped when he saw her—the beautiful girl, that Mrs. Guppy had described so often, was walking unattended. But Tom wasn't the only one who had seen her, for a man escaped from the group and ran towards the girl with a clasp knife open in his hand.

The girl paid no heed to him, she was looking at Tom.

Tom was down in a moment, and in a moment the knife that was to find a home in the heart of the beautiful girl had struck him deep. As he fell Tom called out triumphantly to the evil face above him:—

"Tain't silly maid thee've a-killed, 'tis only Tom."

Tom Keats opened his eyes; he was aware that someone was bending over him and holding his hand. In a moment or two he was able to see who this was.

"I be Tom," he said faintly, "and I be come to fetch 'ee, only I be afeard that I be a-dying."

He was silent for a little, and then he said, "You do love I, don't 'ee, poor silly maid!"

"Yes, Tom, I love you," she said. . . .

BISHOP GORE ON ANGLO-CATHOLICISM

IN spite of the success with which it plays the part of Haman to those who bow not down nor do it reverence, the Anglo-Catholic party is a house divided against itself; and its domestic differences are a cause of anxiety to its leaders. There is "a wide-spread sense of indignation and alarm at certain more or less recent developments of the Movement," says Bishop Gore in a pamphlet recently published.* "People are asking us bitterly 'What are you out for? Is it the introduction of the whole Roman system of doctrine and practice, only leaving out the actual duty of submission to Rome?'" Lord Halifax, who is perhaps the most influential member of the party, goes one better, and is prepared "to concede a Primacy as appertaining *divina providentia* to the Holy See." This Rome-ward drift is displeasing to the Bishop, who calls "for a halt and for reconsideration"; and points out certain "things which (he thinks) we should agree are not to be done." To those outside the inner circle some of these disputed points will seem trifling. Whether, *e.g.*, the epistle in the Communion Service shall be read facing to, or from, the people; whether they shall sit or kneel during it; whether the "ablutions" shall be taken during, or after, the service, only experts in ritual will either notice or care. Other features both of teaching and practice to which he takes exception are more serious; probably the best corrective to them is to follow Jowett's advice to a pupil—"Believe in God: never mind what the clergy say." The Bishop does not touch on the question whether the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper should be "reserved, lifted up, carried about, or worshipped." It is a question of which too much has been made; and which easily obscures the real issue. The real issue is to be found in the Mass, not in its accretions and developments. It was in the Mass that the Reformation settlement centred; and, if it is admitted, as both sections of the Anglo-Catholic party insist it shall be, to quarrel over its after-growths is to eat the cow and worry over the tail. If the conception of Christianity which makes polity, dogma, and sacerdotal magic, of its essence is accepted, it is a matter of secondary importance whether the polity centres in the Papacy or in the episcopate, the dogma in that of Trent or in that of Chalcedon, the magic in the liturgy or in the reserved elements. Whether the rite of Benediction is, or is not, practised in this or that Anglo-Catholic Mecca is a question in which the normal Englishman is not greatly interested; he can go to church elsewhere. What he objects to is the introduction of the Mass, with or without these accessories, into his parish church. The Anglo-Catholics represented by Bishop Gore are as bent on forcing this upon him as the Anglo-Ultramontanes represented by Lord Halifax: and he sees as little difference between them as between Tweedledur and Tweedledee.

The Modernist controversy is common to all the Churches: knowledge grows, and there is an inevitable

difference of outlook between those who know, and those who do not know, the facts. But such differences as these are temporary, because the expert knowledge of to-day is the received knowledge of to-morrow; the impression left on Europeans by the "God or Gorilla" dispute lately before the American courts is that those who have started it should be in some Mental Home. What is peculiar to the Church of England is the strong current at present running in the direction of mediævalism, the latest development of which is Lord Halifax's allocution on the Papacy delivered in the presence of eleven bishops in the Albert Hall. It is possible that some of his hearers regretted his outspokenness. But these *ira amantium* are short-lived. What Lord Halifax says to-day his party will say to-morrow; and he is the protagonist, as well as the originator, of the "Conversations" now taking place at Malines. Bishop Gore is, no doubt, sincerely opposed both to Romanizing and to Romanism. But the Anglo-Catholicism for which he stands is a half-way house: logic, history, and what is now called psychology, forbid its being more. In the West at least—and we are Westerns—Catholicism means Rome, and Rome means Vaticanism. This is as fatal to Lord Halifax's Gallicanism as to Bishop Gore's Anglicanism. For Catholics, at least since the Vatican Council, Gallicanism is a formal heresy. Lord Halifax may regret this: but "things are what they are."

The Bishop's conclusion is that "we have very probably bad times before us." What shape they will take remains to be seen. To suppose that Prayer Book Revision will bring the left wing of the Anglo-Catholics into line is foolish. They disclaim any intention of conformity: nor is it probable that either the party as a whole, or public opinion in general, will bring any great pressure to bear upon them; the former because it is accustomed to follow their lead, the latter because it is indifferent to such controversies. The Church Assembly and other nominally representative bodies erected under the Enabling Act will probably play more and more up to the Anglo-Catholic Party, partly from a desire for peace, partly because such bodies naturally gravitate in the direction of ecclesiasticism; and the control of the ecclesiastical machine will fall increasingly into its hands. Whether Parliament will interfere is doubtful. If it does not, it is difficult to think that the Church can retain either its endowments or its establishment. The result of disestablishment would be a shifting of the historical structure of English religion: we should find ourselves in the situation described in 1870 by Newman, not then a Cardinal: "The whole Church platform seems likely to be off its ancient moorings; it is like a ship which has swung round, or taken up a new position."

A. F.

CISSBURY CAMP

CISSBURY CAMP, three miles north of Worthing, and by far the largest and finest earthwork of the South Downs, was, it will be remembered, recently saved from the horrors of bungalowdom, and, through the National Trust, preserved for ever both for its beauty and archaeological interest.

In Wiltshire, Somerset, and Dorset, there are oval earthworks of pre-Roman and pre-Celtic date as broadly conceived as Cissbury. But none possess so extensive a network of flint-mines, and the unanimous verdict of archaeology is that these mines were sunk by the "Neolithic" (Iberian) inhabitants of England. Cissbury's sixty girdled acres ringed the thickest population of the

* "The Anglo-Catholic Movement To-day." By Charles Gore, D.D., sometime Bishop of Oxford. (Mowbray, 1s.)

South Downs, and enclosed an underground city of laborious reality, lit by the stone lamps of the Nibelungs. The trackway whips up the hill from the dewpond at its feet like a startled grass-snake; the wind draws insect-music from the bents of the smooth-journeying downs; lambs bleat, rooks caw, the lapwing "swopping up and down" unquietly wails: but these are sounds on the hither side of silence, and the voice of busy man has been so long stilled from the ramparts that even his ghost has grown too old to tap its pick along the galleries of the minefield. Yet these remain, reaching to an upper world whose air is like the life-stream by shafts a hundred feet deep.

It is not generally recognized that these Iberians of Cissbury, of Avebury with its five hundred stone blocks, many weighing 90 tons, and of the long barrows with their sepulchral chambers of stone, were civilized men. They are called "primitives"—who are not skilled miners nor builders in stone. But if they knew how to mine flint as capably and as ambitiously as the pits and galleries of Cissbury reveal, it would be surprising if they were ignorant of the art of mining or washing for other desirable substances—copper, tin, lead, and gold, for instance. In the neighbourhood of these deposits, exhausted or otherwise, occur those very structures called megalithic which are distinctive of "Neolithic" man in other mining regions of Europe. Might not the crude implements used by the Cissbury miners be imitations and substitutes for metal tools which the immigrants used in their homelands and left behind in their colonizing expeditions?

The only serious rival to Cissbury in the craft of flint-mining are Grime's Graves in south-western Norfolk. The methods and implements employed in both areas were identical, and there can be no reasonable doubt that they were worked by the same people. Both Cissbury and Grime's Graves were once connected with the vast stone-temple of Avebury on the Marlborough Downs by prehistoric trackways which converged, as others did from Yorkshire to Devonshire, upon what must surely have been the stone-capital of the Iberians. So the workers of the Cissbury flint-factory were not only miners; they also possessed a widespread system of inter-communication.

On the southern slope of Cissbury are a number of terraces similar in the depths of their balks and sweep of their lines to the cultivation platforms so abundant on the Dorset and Wiltshire chalk downs. Archaeological opinion favours the Romans as the people who introduced viticulture into England, and the tradition that the Cissbury terraces were used by the Romans as a vineyard is very strong. The frequent construction of terraces on high and very steep crests suggests that they were not cut by the Saxon plough, and the unsuitability of the climate for elaborate viticulture suggests that it was not the vine that brought the terrace into being. If the Cissbury terraces were adapted rather than constructed by the Romans, they were certainly not Celtic in origin, since the rectangular field-system of the Celts is recognizably different from the terrace-system of the Downland slopes. And that the "Neolithic" people were agriculturists is proved by the discovery some years ago of a primary interment in a Wiltshire Long Barrow, between whose teeth was found an actual husk of corn with its adherent outside hairs. All over the Wiltshire Downs, again, the co-operative distribution of oval (pre-Celtic) earthworks with terraces is a geographical axiom. The Cissbury ramparts and terraces follow the rule.

What Cissbury reveals, then, is a prehistoric England occupied not by primitives or tribes of nomadic and

untutored herdsmen, but by a settled population of a complex unity and with industrial and agricultural habits. What was its origin, what dim but storied landscape of human endeavour is uncurtained by these scratchings beneath the grassy dome of English country?

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

THE LAKE

SHE lies among the mountains in a little place
Roomy for her, and dreaming in green trees
Presses her waters through a grassy wood.
The soft sand bears her burden; in her dreams
She sings to the sand a melody, thinking so
To make a gift to it for its own labouring.
Far beyond her knowledge in the wood
Stand the grey pines that like a mountain move,
Twisting the fresh wind in their mighty tops.
And these untremblingly she pictures in her eyes.
Even the unclad peaks that strike the tender sky,
These also looks she on,
And rippling a new laughter to the wind
Holds them within her, these to share her sleep.
Daylight and Air, she dreams, come willingly to her
In a blue radiance like a weft of sky:
So to the unconquered Sun looks up,
Lifts all her fairy strength and takes his gold—
In an enchantment weaving in the gold
To an eye of the bluest sea, to a new-born opal.

This to eternity:

Not in her dreams beyond the scented fields
Where flow her waters in a stream through flowers—
Not in her dreams the soft sand shallowing,
The hard fields breaking to sharp darts of earth
Thrust piteously far out upon a rocky wall
Shapeless, unspacious, nipped between the land,
Torn like a wound between.
Oh, not in her dream the little lake
Sees such a rift of peace!
Her waters bent in tumult and grey pines
Scarring her tortured foam, and boulders torn
Out of the rocky earth with insane action.
Beating the long way through, beating the blind crushed
gorge,
Flung height to height, bruising her frail bright foam
And no light there—no light in its sweet time,
No morning coming early, waxing into noon
In secure pleasing order.
Here dark is light, here day is dark,
Here is no day, no moon, no stars, no sun.
But thousand moons or thousand stars, or Sun
Split monstrously
Oh, not in her dreams the little lake
Sees this her darkness!
Nor yet upon a night when on her shines
The small moon loving her, sees she in any dream
Her waters strong and stronger,
All her wide tide stronger,
Thrusting the rough pines under,
Riding the mute earth over
Smooth as a storm when its thunder
Is dumb, is not voiced, but keeping
Till the dark cracks asunder.
Oh, stilly she rides, and rides over!

Brooding the grey rocks stand up amazed,
Cut with a sword, with a sword up-raised.
Glitters the black of her passing, the Sun
Strains his gold beams on the earth far over,
Bids it fall back, make a path; ever stronger
Comes her long pitiless tide . . . and after
Daylight and Air that have played with her sing
Of the strength of her coming, and merrily bring
New garlands of green on their wings:
New garlands of green for the River,
Praising, obeying the River!

ENA LIMBEER.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

MODERN POETRY

MESSRS. BENN are to be congratulated upon an interesting experiment in publishing. They have begun their series of Augustan Books of Modern Poetry. They are paper-covered pamphlets of thirty-two pages, containing selections from modern poets, and are published at sixpence each. The first seven in the series are Shelley, Keats, Hilaire Belloc, Rabindranath Tagore, Rupert Brooke, Edmund Blunden, and Robert Bridges. They are well printed on good paper, and each contains about twenty-five poems of an average length. I am not sure that it would not have been better to confine the series to contemporary, or practically contemporary, poets. The presence of Keats and Shelley in this *galère* seems to be a little incongruous, and personally, while I am very glad to have twenty-five poems of Mr. Bridges or Mr. Belloc in a pamphlet which I can slip into my pocket to look at in the Tube or on the top of an omnibus, I do not feel quite the same about the illustrious and established dead.

* * *

These little anthologies of picked poems, the richest cream skimmed off our contemporaries, are certainly most illuminating. You see in a flash the best that each of these modern poets can do, or has done. If I am to be honest, I must admit that the cream of the five strictly modern poets is rather thin. In the case of Rupert Brooke, Mr. Belloc, and Rabindranath Tagore, the editor has been compelled to add some water in order to fill even thirty-two pages. There is no water in the Poet Laureate, and there are one or two poems here of real quality, but usually he gives us the milk rather than the cream of poetry. Of the five, Mr. Blunden, to my mind, emerges most triumphantly from what is a severe trial. His faults are Georgian rather than Augustan; at his worst he is far too easily satisfied with taking the easiest path and allowing his genuine gifts to find their outlet in the poetic inventory. But his gifts are genuine, and everything which he writes is his own; you may have doubts as to how good a poet he is, but you cannot, as with Mr. Belloc or Rupert Brooke, be in doubt as to whether he is a poet at all.

* * *

When I wrote, a little while ago, on the subject of modern poets, I ventured the opinion that the bane of modern poetry is the adjective. My opinion is confirmed by these little anthologies. The adjective has, of course, always been the biggest pitfall of poets, and of many prose writers, and the quickest way of telling a poet's quality is to watch his adjectives. But the adjective disease, thanks perhaps to Tennyson and Swinburne, has become peculiarly virulent in modern poetry. The worst form which the disease takes is when a writer of real talent slips unconsciously into the habit of putting the whole of such poetic feeling as he has into his adjectives, of thinking (unconsciously) that poetry consists in finding "poetic" adjectives for nouns. Open Rupert Brooke at random and you find in a single verse "warm perfumes," "dark scents," "dim waves," "ancient skies," "murmurous soft Hawaiian sea." Or turn to his "The Great Lover," and note in the first few lines "desire illimitable," "perplexed and viewless streams," "unthinking silence," "drowsy Death," "immortal praise," "high secrets," "inenarrable godhead." In my opinion there is no poetry in these lines at all apart from the adjectives, and the adjectives are merely

"poetic," that is to say, they have poetic associations. It would be extraordinarily interesting to dissect out the "poetry" in Brooke's poem "Waikiki," and compare it with that in perhaps the best of the Poet Laureate's poems, "Winter Nightfall," in which none of the poetry attaches itself in any way to the adjectives. Compare, for instance, Brooke's four lines:—

"And dark scents whisper; and dim waves creep to me,
Gleam like a woman's hair, stretch out, and rise;
And new stars burn into the ancient skies,
Over the murmurous soft Hawaiian sea,"

with Mr. Bridges's:—

"The soaking branches drip,
And all night through
The dropping will not cease
In the avenue."

Brooke's lines are pseudo-poetry; they attempt to create an atmosphere of poetry by the use of adjectives with "poetic" associations; leave out the adjectives and the meaning remains exactly the same, the only thing which happens is that the "poetic" atmosphere vanishes. In Mr. Bridges, on the other hand, there is only one adjective, and that is not poetic, it is an important addition to the meaning—the branches are soaked with rain and so drip; the removal of the adjective disturbs the meaning, but has no more effect upon the poetic atmosphere than the removal of any other word.

* * *

The subject which I have embarked upon cannot, I am well aware, be treated properly in a thousand words, and I do not wish to be misunderstood. I do not say that no great poetry contains poetic adjectives. Keats, with his "beaded bubbles winking at the brim, and purple-stained mouth," his "verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways," his "magic casements," and his "perilous seas," is here to disprove any such statement. But the use of these epithets by Keats is very different from that of the poetic adjective by modern poets. They always add something to the meaning, or more often to the visualized area which the lines call up before our mind. Compare, in this respect, "beaded bubbles" or "purple-stained mouth" with "dark scents" or "dim waves." Still more instructive is it to compare Keats's

"The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves"

with Brooke's

"Over the murmurous soft Hawaiian sea."

In Brooke "murmurous" adds nothing to the meaning of the line; that the Hawaiian sea murmured is entirely irrelevant; the word is introduced because of its poetic associations, because the murmur of the sea is the sort of thing which poets have written, and ought to write, about, because while the word "sea" is not necessarily poetic, the words "murmurous sea" are. But in Keats the word "murmurous" is an immense addition to the meaning of the line, it is a vital addition to the oral vision (if one may use the expression) which the line calls up; it is not generalized poetic association, but a poetic flash illuminating in a peculiar way something particular in the poet's meaning. So, too, with a great many of Mr. Blunden's adjectives; it would be absurd to pretend that they have the quality or the immediacy of Keats's—which is part of the reason why Mr. Blunden's poetry is not as good as Keats's—but they are justified by the fact that they are an integral part of both meaning and poetry.

LEONARD WOOLF.

REVIEWS

MANET

Manet. By J. E. BLANCHE. Translated by F. C. DE SUMICHRIST. (Bodley Head. 5s.)

M. BLANCHE is always worth reading when he writes on art. He writes vividly and from a frankly personal point of view. He makes little attempt at an unbiased objectivity of attitude, but since he never pretends to impartiality no harm is done. One can make allowances all the time for his, so evident, enmities and alliances. He scarcely attempts, either, a methodical description of Manet's career or a critical analysis of his art. He just sits down to tell us whatever comes into his head *à propos* of Manet, and indeed about other members of his *milieu*. When he mentions Degas his interest in the subject encourages him to make long digressions which would hardly be justifiable in so short a study if it were not that the very looseness of its texture and the casualness of his manner prepare us to accept whatever turn his conversation may take, and it so happens that about Degas he has some very illuminating observations.

Of Manet himself he hardly manages to make a clear or consistent figure. He rightly insists on his purely pictorial genius—the absence in him of any theoretical or dogmatic tendency, or any great intellectual power. But he scarcely helps us to get at what was positive and personal to him, or what exactly was his contribution. He states, but does not explain, the paradox of a man who painted such deliberately "Museum" pictures becoming all unconsciously and none too willingly the standard-bearer and symbol of revolt—nor does he explain the paradox of a man who was not very highly considered by his fellow rebels remaining in so prominent a position—nor again the odd fact that this leader was so easily open to influences from outside.

My own impression is that Manet's was in some ways an unfortunate career. His native gift was great. How great we may judge from the fact that some of his earliest works, such as the "Femme au gant" and the portrait of his parents, were evident masterpieces. He must have possessed an almost instinctive sense of pictorial construction and, for so young a man, a surprising mastery of all the means of expression. What is most remarkable is that in these he had already established his own very individual style. Based on the realism of Courbet, they show a sense of pictorial style which Courbet himself lacked. They have something of the aristocratic distinction, the perfection of taste and good pictorial manners, of the great Spaniards of the seventeenth century. Less modern in a way, certainly far less impressionist, than Velasquez, they yet belong to that great tradition. They have an air of distinction and ease which was almost unknown in nineteenth-century painting. Something, however, was lacking, either in his character or in his circumstances, or in both, which prevented this marvellous talent from attaining completeness. The peculiar excellence of his style seems to have come to him so instinctively, so unconsciously, that he hardly realized its importance and allowed himself to be led astray into methods which were inimical to his finest qualities. Above all, impressionism was fatal to one whose design was built upon flat, strong oppositions of tone and colour.

M. Blanche realizes some of these problems, but hardly helps to answer them. One must take his book for what it gives, occasional sidelights on Manet's character—we get glimpses of the charm of his manner—and shrewd appreciations of some aspects of his art.

M. de Sumichrast has done the work of translation with more zeal than discretion. He has scrupulously translated M. and Mme., and talks of Mrs. Manet, which sounds unfamiliar. Indeed, his care for English readers is excessive, as in the following passage: "He (Manet) had wished he could be a sort of Charlie Chaplin, the pet portrait painter of the aristocratic quarter." I did not know that Charlie Chaplin was quite so versatile, nor that Manet was gifted with such remarkable prophetic powers. No doubt M. de Sumichrast thought the painter Chaplin would be too unfamiliar to English readers and replaced him with the inimitable Charlie. Next time M. Blanche had better write his own English text. He uses our tongue far more idiomatically and elegantly than M. de Sumichrast.

ROGER FRY.

BACK TO ARISTOTLE

Sons and Fathers. By ALLAN MONKHOUSE. (Benn. 3s. 6d. and 5s.)

Anthony and Anna. By ST. JOHN ERVINE. (Allen & Unwin. 3s. 6d.)

Three Plays. By NOEL COWARD. (Benn. 10s. 6d.)

Red Oleanders. By RABINDRANATH TAGORE. (Macmillan. 5s.)

THE title of "Sons and Fathers" is enough to indicate the universality and extent of Mr. Monkhouse's theme. It cannot be treated too often, and Mr. Monkhouse has handled it sincerely, with a feeling for character and a sense of phrase. It should be a play worth seeing. Yet it is not satisfactory: the issue is never really clear and overwhelming: the passions of the characters never come to seem of the first importance, because not only is there the main theme, but that of industrial strife is introduced, as well as one of the conservatism of women opposed to the adventurousness of men. Our feelings are dissipated: the plot is not whole and single. The play covers some sixty years, but "beauty is a matter of size and order, and therefore impossible . . . in a creature of vast size, one, say, 1,000 miles long—as in that case, instead of the object being seen all at once, the unity and wholeness of it is lost to the beholder," and "the unity of a plot does not consist, as some suppose, in its having one man as its subject." The play is desperately real, but it serves a little to illuminate life, and is not nonsense.

Mr. Ervine's play does not illuminate life, and is rather nonsense. It is, of course, a farce, but a good farce should also be good sense. There is a stock American millionaire, a stock American daughter, profiteer, decayed aristocrat, waiter à la Boon, and a young man who pleads that idlers are worth the money they cost society because without leisure there is no culture. That is true; but the culture which exists only to enliven the week-ends of bored and overfed plutocrats hardly seems worth its keep. Possibly very rich men are bored and dyspeptic, but I must confess that the two or three successful business men I have met have been brimful of vitality, and thoroughly capable of enjoying themselves. Not perhaps in the way I should choose, but there is no need to be priggish about it. Hankin might have made the play do: Mr. Ervine has not enough wit or originality. The action is whole, but "action involves agents, who must necessarily have character and thought, since it is from these that we ascribe certain qualities to their actions." If the characters are stock, and the thought shallow and commonplace, we are helped neither to enjoy life nor to endure it, one of which ends, to paraphrase Dr. Johnson, a good play should attain.

Mr. Coward's three plays are "The Rat Trap," "The Vortex," and "Fallen Angels," to which is prefixed a somewhat vaporous introduction by Mr. Coward on Mr. Coward, for some not very obvious reason called "a reply to his critics." A preface is a very exigent form of art; the best are the most impersonal, and deal with general issues, such as Dryden's, Congreve's, or Mr. Shaw's. Mr. Coward confesses that "The Rat Trap" is a bad play, yet it has its interest, and a certain skill, but it is too much a thesis play, on the marital incompatibility of artists, so that the characterization is crude. If successful playwrights are as hopelessly impervious in real life as Keld Maxwell in this play, they deserve all the riches they can amass by way of compensation. "Fallen Angels" also starts from a doctrine, a little difficult to state shortly. Two women, very happily married, hear of the arrival of a man with whom they each had a pre-marital affair; upon which they behave through three excessively vulgar acts in a most tiresomely improbable manner. It is much too long: Molière might have treated the idea brilliantly in one short act, for he knew that a play should contain only what is necessary to it, and no more. "The Vortex," on the other hand, is a reasonably good play. The characters are clearly, if not very strongly conceived, and are introduced only for the sake of the action, which develops naturally from them. Instead of a feeling that Mr. Coward started from a thesis, the particular instance, well developed through character, ends by raising wider, if not very interesting, issues. The diction is good and appropriate; Mr. Coward interweaves his stichomuthia and his longer tirades with some skill. The play is at least "an imitation not of persons but of action and life, of happiness and misery," but "the end for which we live is a certain kind

of activity, not a quality," and it is in the conclusion that the play is weakest. Mr. Coward leaves us in the air with characters exhibiting qualities and not actions. He has failed in the main task of the dramatist, the complete action. The play has a beginning and a middle, but no end. "An end is that which is naturally after something else . . . and with nothing else after it," but the point of "The Vortex" does precisely lie in what may come after it. However, Mr. Coward says that, although he has already done well, he will do better. He will have to think more, and perhaps write less.

Since Rabindranath Tagore's play is not a failure, there is no need to invoke Aristotle to point the finger. I do not think it would gain by being acted. It is a purely fantastic drama in one act, with a world that is altogether imaginary, but to read it after the plays which imitate the real world—*O que la vie est quotidienne!*—is to get an extraordinary sense of reality, for its writer is a poet. It comes from something very deep in the rebellious heart of man. The diction and the phrasing are delicate, though the danger of Tagore's method of thought and expression is that of occasional sloppiness, and one could wish some phrases deleted. The theme, roughly, may be taken as an indictment of the disgusting mess we call civilization, in which to gain power we sacrifice everything that might make power enjoyable, and lose "the living heart of the earth which gives itself up to love and life and beauty." But rather than spoil with inadequate phrases a work of great sensibility—even if the thought is a little diffuse—I would describe the theme in the words of the Poet Laureate:—

For beauty being the best of all we know
Sums up the unsearchable and secret aims
Of nature, and on joys whose earthly names
Were never told can form and sense bestow;
And man hath sped his instinct to outgo
The step of science; and against her shames
Imagination stakes out heavenly claims,
Building a tower above the head of woe.

It will be seen that the thought is not very modern; but the play serves to express an important emotion.

BONAMY DOBRÉE.

FICTION

Piano Quintet. By EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)

The Naked Man. By VERA HUTCHINSON. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)
The Lord of Little Langton. By G. B. BURGIN. (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.)

WHEN without any of the outward signs of originality—style, method of attack, plan—a book arouses in the reader a sense of difference from other books, so that for some time he is disconcerted, it is an almost infallible sign that the book is original. To everything new we have to get used, and if we feel ourselves immediately in the centre of the atmosphere of a new novel, it can only be because it is very much in the fashion of the literature of a past age or of our own. In "Piano Quintet" we are always being pulled up by the unstated premises, as it were, of the story, until gradually its peculiar atmosphere enfolds us and we realize that the author has made us accept an individual vision of life. Mr. Sackville West's virtues as an imaginative artist are much more solid than a cursory perusal of the story will reveal. Even the pedestrian passages, the flat expanses of characterization at the beginning, have an imaginative justification. The author's problem is to present five very extraordinary characters, and his method is to show them first as human beings, to convince us that they have the ordinary, indispensable human emotions and attitudes, before he reveals their more abnormal reactions to the problems which life throws in their path. This is the only conceivable way of giving solidity to the existence of extraordinary characters in fiction; it is moreover a proof that the imagination has been working the whole time; that not an aspect of life merely but life itself, with its contrasts, its many sides, has been taken into account. This seriousness and solidity of imagination is Mr. Sackville West's most remarkable gift. It is seen very clearly in his dialogue (and good dialogue is a sure sign of concreteness of treatment), which for a young writer shows a remarkably mature sense of artistic values.

It is not realistic dialogue; it does not tell us what the characters really said so much as what they felt, what their problems were and their reactions to them. It is always made to reveal something essential and serious, which only by such heightened utterance could be revealed. The author has seized, too, the essential advantage which the use of artists as characters gave him; for artists being more frank than most other people, the drama can be more exposed, more immediate. Apprehending this, the author has wasted little time on the idiosyncrasies and foibles which a more obvious-minded writer would have enlarged upon. The result is that he has created four characters who are at once extraordinary and convincing, has shown us their naked motives, and in scenes where these come into conflict has dramatized them with great power. Over the more obvious means of his art he has not yet full control; his habit of embodying sounds and moods as concrete shapes leads him occasionally into a false emphasis; but where it comes off, as in the wonderful scene in the cemetery where Melchior speaks across the gravestones, it has absolute imaginative fitness, and is not a trick, but organic with his vision of reality. His grip of his theme weakens a little, perhaps, in the scene at Klosterfels and in the last chapter; yet it is unshrinking imaginative power and intellectual grasp which make the book so extraordinary. In style and economy of treatment Mr. Sackville West has still a good deal to learn; but the truth and comprehensiveness of his conception outweigh faults which in a less gifted writer would be fatal.

"The Naked Man" is in some ways a remarkable novel. Miss Hutchinson has imagination, and this redeems the looseness of her treatment and the awkwardness of her style. In her characters we feel the glow of a life which many writers more talented than she may work in vain to achieve. But her imagination, if genuine, is, compared with Mr. Sackville West's, undifferentiated. It seizes upon the simple needs, the immemorial passions of humanity, and is moved and animated by them. But it seizes them as perfectly simple and self-evident things; it has not reached the stage where they are perceived to be in reality infinitely complex. The result is that, genuine as Miss Hutchinson's gifts are and moving as they can be, her novel in some way misses significance. She has felt passionately, but she has not come to terms with her emotion or tried to see what it means and what is its final justification; and this means that her utterance is too purely personal, and has not been sufficiently informed by the thought and experience of humanity. Nevertheless, "The Naked Man" is a vivid and sincere novel. "The Lord of Little Langton" is holiday-reading, and not very successful, one feels, even as that.

EDWIN MUIR.

STAGE SPEECH

Histriophone. By BONAMY DOBRÉE. (Hogarth Press. 3s. 6d.)

ONE of Miss Viola Meynell's novels begins with two small boys sitting in a library and conducting their own education by reading aloud from a highly instructive book written in the form of question and answer, somewhat as follows:—

"What inconveniences arise from the want of method?"
"Without it confusion, darkness and mistake will unavoidably attend our thoughts and discourses."

The dialogue would conclude thus:—

"I cannot withstand the force of your reasoning; I am now thoroughly sensible of the absurd consequences of my opinion."

These quotations—are they invented by Miss Meynell?—remind one irresistibly of Mr. Dobrée's pamphlet: they are hardly distinguishable in manner and spirit from the remarks of his two personages, Bentuas and Heltubada. He must, surely, have spent his earliest years with a volume of Mangnall's "Questions" upon his knee. His learning is considerable, ponderous; but the charm and humour of his reviewing style have here strangely deserted him. Strip off, however, the pedantry and pomp that hedges "Histriophone," and we shall discover something alive and valuable like Cleopatra in the straw mattress.

Bentuas discusses blank verse on a histriophonic, as opposed to a prosodic, basis, and shows how the Elizabethan actor-dramatist developed the five-stressed decasyllable into

a freer, swifter line with three stresses and a more varying number of syllables, the three stresses being, perhaps, evenly spaced, as in

"Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow,"

or, possibly, consecutive, as in

"So are they all, all honourable men."

The stress, which might, on occasion, cover two syllables, worked more and more with the emphasis and expression of the actor, and, further, was employed to create an elaborate speed structure in long speeches. This is Heltubada's cue: he has a pet theory about speed-structures. "A play," he says, "is structurally composed, not of Sardoodledoms, or Ibsen hot-houses of preparation, but of carefully proportioned speeds, succeeding one another in varying length and intensity. . . . The dramatic moment is that at which a change of speed intrudes." Heltubada would have done well to consider the "Agamemnon" or the "Hippolytus" here. The omission of Greek tragedy throughout is distressing. And why should Ibsen, "The Lady from the Sea," for instance, be ruled out thus? The theory is then pursued in connection with the prose scenes on the Elizabethan stage. Prose represents common sense, and this was employed, thinks Heltubada, to "concentrate attention and develop a convincing argument." But he goes too far in arguing that the Elizabethans used prose for the scenes "in which they sought the uttermost depths of passion and suffering." The "Distraction" scenes are realistic, of necessity unmetrical. Nor does Lady Macbeth sleep-walking, nor even Cornelia in her lamentations, reach a greater depth of suffering than Lear. Despite Mr. Dobrée's denial, the Elizabethan audience, if not the Elizabethan author, found both Bedlam and Bridewell rich in comedy. No one could listen without a smile to Webster's madmen:—

"Woe to the caroché that brought home my wife from the masque at three o'clock in the morning! It had a large feather bed in it."

After suggesting that the Elizabethans used prose as a rhythmic brake, until the gradual welding process of blank verse and prose into stage-speech was completed, the two friends shake their heads for a moment over the modern drama, and look forward to the creation of satisfactory stage prose, "with a natural breath unit of about ten syllables," but without an iambic verse rhythm. This part is, unhappily, cursory. We should like to hear Heltubada's opinion of the writing of Mr. Frank Birch's Renaissance play.

Mr. Dobrée's pamphlet is important, but very hard to read. The dialogue form is quite unsuitable to him. He is neither naturally artificial like Dryden, nor artificially natural like Lowes Dickinson. We bid farewell to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern with a sigh of relief, thanking them for their instructive, if Lenten, entertainment.

TRAVELLERS' TALES

Fair Winds and Foul. By FREDERICK PERRY. (Hopkinson. 10s. 6d.)

Through Inner Deserts to Medina. By the Countess Malmignati. (Philip Allan, 10s. 6d.)

By Car to India. By Major FORBES-LEITH, F.R.G.S. (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.)

A Wayfarer in Czecho-Slovakia. By E. I. ROBSON. (Methuen. 7s. 6d.)

TRAVELLERS may, we suppose, be divided roughly into three categories. There are those who travel for business; those who "go abroad" for recreation and education; and those who post o'er land and ocean in search of adventure. To these should be added—they are hardly numerous enough to be called a fourth class—those individuals who range the world in quest of æsthetic sensations, with the definite aim of making an artistic record of their impressions. The ideal traveller should, no doubt, be a composite embodiment of business-man, student, adventurer, and artist. But this is asking too much of average human nature, and it is refreshing to find a traveller who combines, in any high degree, even two sides of the desirable whole. The man who travels of

necessity has seldom a mind sensitive enough to receive those "moments" whose virtue, depending largely upon the element of surprise, escapes in some measure the artist who self-consciously seeks them; while the adventurer, traversing remote paths, is apt to miss all that the scholar might see—if only he were an adventurer!

To come upon the complete traveller is, therefore, a very rare delight. Mr. Perry comes near to earning that title. He is at once business-man, adventurer, and artist, and, though not a scholar in the strict sense, he exhibits, within the limits of his own experience, the student's mind. Born in America, he became in 1873 a cadet midshipman of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company; but, on finishing his apprenticeship, he shipped as third mate on a sailing vessel owned by friends. His book records a number of voyages made under sail in the heyday of the American Clipper Ship Service, whose vessels, specially built and rigged for speed, followed the deep sea route between the Atlantic ports, the East Indies, China, and California. A publisher's note suggests that the importance of Mr. Perry's work lies in the fact that, while the story of life on a clipper ship has been told before, it has usually been from the point of view of the captain or the man before the mast, and not from that of the mate, whom Mr. Perry himself describes as "the general manager, auditor, superintendent, humorist, blasphemer, sailing-master, official log-keeper, work-creator, and sleep-destroyer." For once, however, a publishing firm has under-estimated its own wares. The peculiar merit of Mr. Perry's book is Mr. Perry himself. He has a singularly full and balanced personality, and is the possessor of a literary style that responds almost perfectly to every demand made upon it. The sea, in all its moods, lives in his pages; his portraits of fellow sailors, afloat and ashore, take on real flesh and blood; and he is equally successful in describing the beautiful spectacle of some thirty clipper ships racing for the Golden Gate, as witnessed by him one sunny morning from a hill in San Francisco, or in making us feel the peculiar quiver that passes along an entire vessel when a human body falls upon the deck from aloft.

The Countess Malmignati and Major Forbes-Leith belong to the order of "stunt" travellers. They are lovers of adventure for its own sake. Starting from Damascus with a camel-dealer as her only companion, the Countess met the Sultan of the Roalla tribe, by whom she was treated with chivalry and friendliness, and with whose caravan she penetrated into the lesser-known regions of the Arabian peninsula. When, however, the Sultan encountered a hostile tribe, and warfare broke out, the Countess narrowly escaped with her life, and throughout the rest of her journey to Medina, in which she only just failed to accomplish her plan of crossing the Ruba-el-Kali desert, she had to face not only Arab treachery but severe illness. She writes very modestly of her remarkable accomplishment, and her book errs on the side of slightness. But it offers some fresh and interesting glimpses into what, in the absence of a more accurate word, may be called the "home" life of the wandering desert people.

Major Forbes-Leith also had some thrilling escapes from banditti. But, apart from these, the record of his 8,500 mile motor journey from Leeds to Quetta is a story of patience and endurance rather than of exciting incidents. These latter were rendered comparatively few by the amazingly good behaviour of his standard Wolseley car, which, though it had to negotiate 3,000 miles entirely devoid of roads, 1,500 miles of waterless desert, 100 miles of bottomless sand, and 249 miles of railway track, sustained but two punctures and presented a total bill for "spares" amounting only to £2 17s. 0d. The author, writing with much gusto, endows the car with almost human attributes, and "Felix" is the real hero of a book that will specially delight motorists.

Mr. Robson, though he is adventurous enough to avoid international hotels and sufficiently business-like to find his way through the intricacies of Continental time-tables, represents the cultured and scholarly type of traveller. He writes agreeably and carefully, especially when dealing with historical associations; and his volume, while it will be enjoyed by hearthside tourists, is primarily designed as a practical handbook for actual wayfarers in Czecho-Slovakia.

KNOTS UNTIED

The Conduct of Life. By BENEDETTO CROCE. Authorized Translation by ARTHUR LIVINGSTONE. (Harrap. 7s. 6d.)

SIGNOR CROCE is a distinguished philosopher and a weighty critic, and has been the chief agent, we are often told, in the intellectual regeneration of modern Italy. It is all the more difficult to explain the psychological naïveté, occasional sentimentality, frequent triteness, and consistent self-complacency of this volume. From certain philosophers, it is true, one would not expect practical wisdom; but Signor Croce himself has no patience with these. In his philosophy the image, the concept, and the action are the three stages in the process whereby the Spirit manifests itself; and the action is therefore of supreme importance. Yet take any problem of conduct, and what has Signor Croce to say about it? "Are there," he asks, "such things as 'sick souls'—souls that are unsound, evil, perverse—as opposed to souls that are 'healthy'?" We must answer at the outset, No; for the Spirit is always healthy, and the concept of spiritual disease (of evil, of madness, of perversity) is included and subordinated in the concept of spiritual health." That is certainly one way of settling the question, but its weakness practically is that while perhaps convincing those who accept Signor Croce's philosophy, it is bound to appear a little absurd to those who do not. Without a systematic philosophy, a psychologist like Dostoevsky or an imaginative thinker like Emerson would have illumined the problem far more completely than Signor Croce does, and in making us see it more in proportion would have been of genuine service. But the author seizes only one of the bearings of the problems he considers, that which is relevant to his philosophy of the Spirit, and the remainder he seems incapable of apprehending. When, for example, he is faced by the desire for human perfection, a desire palpable and important enough, seeing that it has been the inspiration of every religion, he simply becomes angry, for this desire conflicts with the spirit of his philosophy. He does not even try to understand it; he refuses to draw the conclusion which great poets and philosophers have drawn, that it exists and yet can never be realized, and that therefore human life is a tragedy. All this simply annoys him. "Morality is born only of struggle, and struggle implies hesitation, wavering, yielding, failure, defeat; all of which means not inertness but struggle anew; so that from defeat we return to new effort, we regain lost ground, we progress, we go beyond the level from which we fell; then we fail again, and we recover again, and again, and again, and again, each failure leading to a higher and higher recovery." Astonishing rhetoric to come from a philosopher! Is it sentimentality which makes Signor Croce write like this, mistaking so palpably his wishes for the truth? Or is he really not thinking of us at all, but of the Spirit, which is "always healthy"? There is no necessity that we know of why "we" should recover again and again rather than fail again and again. Goethe recovered, certainly, but Burns did not; Leopardi, Poe, Baudelaire, Hölderlin, Nietzsche found this business of recovering too hard for them, though Tennyson did not; and it is to the credit of that imperfection of human existence with which the author is so pleased that it killed off Keats at twenty-six. Certainly it is only wisdom to recognize the imperfection of human life, but one surely goes a little too far in being hugely delighted with it. There is a certain impurity in the seriousness of a serious thinker who does so; an unconscious rhetoric has crept into his thought.

The truth is that when Signor Croce is ostensibly writing about such things as "Sex," "Perfection and Imperfection," "Forgiving and Forgetting," he is in reality writing about his philosophy. He brings to these themes neither the practical wisdom of a man who has observed and suffered, nor the freedom of a disinterested mind; he brings only his philosophy. Now whatever we may think of that philosophy it is certainly a less sure court of arbitration for the settlement of problems of conduct than the accumulated experience of the world, to be found in literature and history, or even than the personal experience of any reasonable human being. Yet the experience of all the world would not dare to be so pragmatic as Signor Croce is about any of the problems he raises in order to settle them. The result is that the more conclusive his decisions are, the less they convince us. The authority behind them is insufficient, and it is always being obtruded. We are left to reflect that things

have never been settled in this way, and that there is a certain lack of wisdom shown by anyone who attempts a task so clearly against sense and experience.

PRISON BREAD.

From President to Prison. By FERDINAND OSSENDOWSKI. (Allen & Unwin. 10s. 6d.)

THE virtuous or fortunate man who has not eaten prison bread can thank prisons for two things: for keeping out of his way certain people he does not want to meet, and for giving him some wonderful books. Prison books fall into two divisions: books of prison life, and books the making of which must temporarily have taken eaters of prison bread beyond their four walls. This book comes more under the first head than the second.

We go back to the Russo-Japanese War. M. Ossendowski was a Polish chemist employed "to organize at Harbin a central laboratory for the military area, where I was to work not only for the Chinese Eastern and the Ussuri railways, but directly for the General Staff of the Army. My first and principal occupation was to be a thorough study of the supply of raw materials in the country, with the object of recommending and starting local manufacturing undertakings which would help to relieve the single long line of railway from transportation of similar products, and thus augment its powers for carrying troops and war munitions."

The immensity of the late European War has spoiled this generation for any wars of less size. They seem rather far away, and not as loud as one demands a war to be. But then M. Ossendowski was behind the lines, and his description is of the shadow of the monster rather than of the monster itself. What he does describe and delight us with in the early part of this book are his hunting experiences. For he can write well and vividly, as the books he has already given us go before him to testify. We see him standing among the reeds of rivers and lakes, at break of day and at sundown, watching the triangles of migrating swans and ducks and geese, and he makes us realize how the true hunter can love and admire and be mystically at one with the thing he destroys.

M. Ossendowski's criticism of the Russian Government in its conduct of the war is as severe as it can be. The world at large seems to have borne out this opinion; but does the world bear out his severe criticism of the Russian character? M. Ossendowski is a Pole, one of a race that was conquered, but not absorbed. Fair man he seems to be, and good observer; but does he see the Russian through Polish spectacles? The Russian has ferocious depths in him, there is no doubt. They have been drawn into him from the savage eastern races he has been absorbing; but a volcano does not always emit fire and smoke and destruction. That is the unusual thing for it to do. Usually the peasants who live round its base till their fields and vineyards a long way up its sides. The Russian most of his days is childlike and lovable. It is the Pole who strikes the foreigner as brilliant and arrogant and an individualist.

The revolution of 1905 was a result of the conduct of the war. It spread throughout Siberia, and Harbin became the headquarters of, and M. Ossendowski the President of, the Committee of Government of the Russian Far East. A result to him was that he was arrested by the Russian Government, condemned to death by an "express" military tribunal, retried by a regular military court, and sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment.

It is when we come to this part of the book that we, the virtuous or the fortunate, feel that the prisoner can sometimes be worth his board and lodging. M. Ossendowski has things of wonderful interest to say about his prisons. He saw terrible things, yet, in spite of himself, he seems to bear out words spoken to the present reviewer by a daughter of Leo Tolstoi, when the reviewer was in Moscow two years ago: "My father used to say that the English prisoner always gets justice, and the Russian prisoner very often does not get justice; but when you pass into an English prison you pass into a machine, you are no more a man. Treatment in Russian prisons can be very severe, but no one quite forgets that a prisoner is a human being, and so prison discipline does not become the ironbound thing of an English prison."

An able, vivid book, that is likely to become the friend of very many.

CONSTABLE
present

MARY GLENN

A NOVEL BY
SARAH GERTRUDE MILLIN

Price 6/- net.

Times Literary Supplement "This short study of a woman's life and character is important for its sincerity and restrained but acute emotional feeling. . . Mrs. Millin has worked on a big canvas and has made a beautiful thing of it."

Weekly Westminster "This book is better than brilliant. Its restraint, its power, its simplicity—natural and quite unstudied—its unhurried tragedy put it quite outside the ordinary run of even ordinarily good novels. . . There is not a false note in all these difficult pages."

Evening Standard "South Africa gave the world one great writer in Olive Schreiner. It has now given us another in Sarah Gertrude Millin. . . *Mary Glenn* is a masterpiece in its characterisation and its restraint. . . Modern fiction can show nothing more poignant, more moving. . . There is not one moment of false emotion."

Morning Post "Fire and intensity, and a wide outlook in pity are again the eminent qualities of *Mary Glenn*. . . Mrs. Millin's restrained hand is dead-sure in its effects. Her analysis of motive is a ruthless casting out of false sentiment, and is disinterestedly applied to all her characters alike."

By the same Author :

GOD'S STEPCHILDREN (2nd Imp.) 7/6 net

10-12 ORANGE ST. LONDON W.C.2

X THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU X

by LEWIS MELVILLE

(Illus. 18/- net.)

"The most remarkable woman of the eighteenth century is the subject of a most entertaining biography by Mr. Lewis Melville . . . an astonishingly vivid picture of social life in the Georgian era."—*Daily Chronicle*. "It is as a letter-writer that she is among the minor immortals."—*Morning Post*. "A very entertaining volume."

—*The Westminster Gazette*.

London :
HUTCHINSON & Co.
Paternoster Row.

Just Published.

At all Booksellers.

THE ECONOMIC CONSEQUENCES OF MR. CHURCHILL

By

J. M. KEYNES.

SHOWS HOW MR. CHURCHILL'S
POLICY IS INTENSIFYING
UNEMPLOYMENT

ONE SHILLING.

Published by
THE HOGARTH PRESS
52, TAVISTOCK SQUARE, W.C.1.

COPIES MAY BE OBTAINED FROM
"THE NATION," 5, John Street, Adelphi, W.C.2.

"A pebble in the streamlet scant,
Has turned the course of many a river,
A dewdrop on the tiny plant,
Has warped the giant oak for ever."

A word in season pointing out the great advantages of the

FAMILY PROVISION POLICY of THE STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

and its very low cost may be the means of turning the river of want from the homes of many.

A man of 30 may secure for his dependants—£1,000 by the annual payment of only £17 17s. 6d.

Write to-day for explanatory leaflet "R" 1.

THE
STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY
(ESTABLISHED 1825).

HEAD OFFICE : 3, George Street, EDINBURGH.

LONDON 110, Cannon Street, E.C.4, and
15a, Pall Mall, S.W.1.

DUBLIN : 59, Dawson Street.

ON THE EDITOR'S TABLE

"THE QUEBEC ACT," by R. Coupland (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 10s. 6d.), has as its sub-title "A Study in Statesmanship." It is a valuable historical study showing the British policy pursued towards French Canadians in the period between the annexation and the American Revolution, a policy which had as its result that Quebec remained within the British Empire.

"The British Empire," by Albert Demangeon, translated by Ernest F. Row (Harrap, 7s. 6d.), is a study in Colonial Geography by a professor at the Sorbonne.

"Rebuilding Europe," by Ruth Rouse (Student Christian Movement, 4s.), gives some idea of the work of European Student Relief.

"The International Year-Book of Child Care and Protection" (Longmans, 7s. 6d.) is a valuable record of work done for the welfare of children throughout the world.

"A Flying Visit to the Middle East," by Sir Samuel Hoare (Cambridge University Press, 3s. 6d.), records the impressions of the Secretary of State for Air when he made a journey by air to the Middle East.

"The Mountains of Snowdonia," edited by H. R. C. Carr and G. A. Lister (Bodley Head, 25s.), contains chapters by various writers on the history, literature, natural science, and sport aspects of Snowdonia.

"Leaving the Hermitage," by Rohan Kōda, translated from the Japanese by Jirō Nagura (Allen & Unwin, 6s.), is a translation of a long modern Japanese poem.

Among French books recently published the following may be noted: "Diderot et l'Italie," by Manlio D. Busnelli (Champion, 30 fr.); "La Mennais, La Dispute de 'L'Essai sur l'Indifférence,'" by Christian Marechal (Champion, 40 fr.); "Œuvres de Molière," Vol. I. (Payot, 10 fr.); "Passions et Romans d'Autrefois," by Victor Giraud (Champion, 15 fr.); "La Turque," a novel, by Eugène Montfort (Flammarion, 7 fr. 95); "Portraits d'Hier et d'Aujourd'hui," by W. D'Ormesson (Champion, 8 fr.).

NOVELS IN BRIEF

Ilderim. By MARIE, QUEEN OF ROUMANIA. (Duckworth. 7s. 6d.)

"Go! Sir Ivor MacDuach: see! thou standest there in the way—get thee to thy horse, tarry not"—so quoth Modred, and in such fashion most readers, perhaps, composed at a time when they drew knights in armour and at joust on the margin of their copybooks. Despite the invariable inversion of adjective, the use of the second person singular of the verb, and the general atmosphere of the "pathetic fallacy," this royal romance or allegory of the days of chivalry has a quality of rather facile beauty. Ilderim, the wandering knight clad in golden armour, mystic, wonderful, is, indeed, too complete an embodiment of youth, goodness, and virile beauty to hold our mind, but the tragic tale of Sir Ivor, who incurs the wrath of the passionate amazon Queen Dana by defending his virtue and rides into a cloud of dishonour and calumny, in order to conceal the secret shame of his widowed mother, is really moving. Little etiolated princesses who are always on the verge of tears and heartbreak, sensitive knights quick to poetic eloquence or the crusading sword—here is all the lovely stock-in-trade of mediæval romance—here, too, is an old tune, sweet and indistinct, played softly as on a spinet.

The Ambassador's Kiss. By W. J. LOMAX. (Nash & Grayson. 7s. 6d.)

To be kissed by a princess is to be swept into politics as well as bliss. Lord Valrose, the British ambassador at Viraq, committed the unpardonable error of failing to return the sudden embarrassing compliment bestowed upon him by royalty. Fortunately he had a happy-go-lucky twin brother, whose resemblance to him was sufficiently close to deceive the eyes of angry love—and so a fine comedy of errors ensues. The sudden arrival of a pretty, practical American girl, Joan Walrus, with her father, a legal claim to the name and estates of the Valrose family, and a full determination to recover the hidden bar sinister, brings further amusement and romance. Trevor, by a series of diverting mistakes, is compelled to take the place of his lordly brother, and proves for the sake of an amusing story that good humour, irreverence, and an addiction to picturesque slang are more effective in the solution of difficult diplomatic problems than traditional dignity and a lack of the tender emotions. Mr. Lomax maintains the strong, simple contrasts necessary to

comedy, and casts in a good handful of exciting events, such as attempted assassination, abduction, conspiracy, and other daily products of small European States.

Drag. By WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLRY. (Melrose. 7s. 6d.)

The adventures of the "hay-barn-scented" David Haskett as a youthful reporter in the "picket-fence-and-hitching-post" (whatever that may be) town of Paris, in Vermont, are told with a gusto and a humour that double the serious interest of the story. Circumstance rather than character rules in this novel, and David is too much the result of three women's interest. He marries at an early age, without experience, and is dragged into the needy net of a family of dependants, for his wife lacks imagination, has the makings of a drudge, and her faint flicker of romance is insufficient to help her to escape the maternal household. In that terrible atmosphere of brothers and younger sisters, of scolding, spying, butchers' bills, hungry mouths and ears, no romance could prosper. Actually, David might well have succumbed to the eternal round of household details and petty cash; as the story runs, he escapes after many years by writing a satiric play around his position, by the fact that his emotional experience has been incomplete, and by the outbreak of the Great War. Pity for a fallen woman educates him and prepares him for a further romance which comes too late in the story to be satisfying.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The History of Mathematics. By J. W. N. SULLIVAN. (Oxford University Press. 2s. 6d.)

This little book, which is a volume in "The World's Manuals" series, gives an outline of the history of mathematics from the beginnings of European mathematics to the invention of the differential and integral calculus. Greek mathematics is not included because it is treated separately in the series by Professor J. L. Heiberg. Mr. Sullivan makes his history very interesting, and he rightly claims that by giving actual solutions and sometimes the notation of early mathematicians he "enables the reader to understand much more clearly the nature of their difficulties and the quality of their achievements."

Time, Taste, and Furniture. By JOHN GLOAG. Fully illustrated by E. J. WARNE. (Grant Richards. 12s. 6d.)

A third of the ill-temper of the world, Mr. Gloag believes, "may be set down to unrestful surroundings." Now in England, with all its conflict of tradition, "surroundings" are very likely to be unrestful. There is Sheraton clashing with Stuart; there is the snob who wants a bare outline, and the fleshly who want padded repose. In short, it is extremely difficult even for the rich to furnish a room so that the artistic and the practical desires are gratified. But Mr. Gloag's admirable book, with its photographs and drawings, should make their lot easier. He is no mere antiquary. He remarks: "It is as well to remember that there has been both good and bad work in the past, and that it matters very little if at all, so far as appearance is concerned, whether a piece of furniture is a genuine antique or a faithful reproduction of an old model. The design of the article is the vital point." These beliefs lead him to devote much space and many illustrations to twentieth-century furniture—to the work of men who died yesterday or are still with us, so that perhaps for the first time we can compare Gimson with Hepplewhite and Ambrose Heal with those nameless eighteenth-century designers who have absorbed our sympathies, often to the detriment of the living. He boldly states that "during the first quarter of the twentieth century we have had at work a group of original designers far more brilliantly inventive than any of the fashion-dominated furniture makers of the long Georgian period." And accordingly the chapters devoted to the moderns are the best in the book.

Concerning the Habits of Insects. By F. BALFOUR-BROWNE. (Cambridge University Press. 6s.)

This is an admirable book. It is based on six lectures delivered at the Royal Institution, and deals with insect-collecting generally, and, in particular, the habits of bees and wasps, caterpillars, the dragon-fly, and the water-beetle. The chapters in which Mr. Balfour-Browne describes the life-histories of dragon-flies and water-beetles are exceptionally interesting, partly, perhaps, because they are his own peculiar province. It is a merit of his book that he makes it a point, in stating entomological facts, of showing the methods of collecting and observing insects which have led to the discovery of these facts. The book can be recommended both to young people and to adults.

A UNIQUE FAMILY

gathers under the sheltering wings of the **CHURCH ARMY**, and, in this glorious weather, it is so nice to give some of them a breath of Fresh Air.

50 ELDERLY WOMEN—many earning a scanty living by selling matches in the streets—are sheltered in one C. A. Home. A lady has offered them tea at Chorleywood. Would you help with fares?

A PARTY OF ROUGH LASSES, held from the streets by the influence of a C.A. Club, look for their outing. You would help a good but difficult work by a contribution. God, through nature, will speak to these "rough diamonds."

AN ANNUAL PARTY OF OLD MEN AND WOMEN, mostly old-age pensioners, is always arranged. These old folk see nothing now except bricks and mortar, and cannot go out unless taken.

Please send your gift and specify the party you would like to help. Cheques, etc., crossed "Barclays a/c, Church Army," payable to **PREB. CARLILE, D.D., Hon. Chief Sec., 55, Bryanston Street, W.1.** Treasury notes should be sent by registered post.

THE CHURCH ARMY

PLAYER'S No. 3

Virginia Cigarettes
FOR EXCLUSIVE TASTES



THE cork-tipped Player's No. 3 Virginia Cigarette is welcomed by some smokers. The cost is the same and the fragrance and coolness of the tobacco are still there. Manufactured by modern machinery in a Model Factory from matured Virginia Tobacco.

10 for 8d. 20 for 1/4
50 for 3/3

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, NOTTINGHAM
BRANCH OF THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO.
OF GREAT BRITAIN & IRELAND LTD.

WITH OR WITHOUT CORK TIPS

"A vivacious biography."—MORNING POST

THE CIRCE OF THE DESERTS

By Paule Henry Bordeaux

(With a Frontispiece 12/6 net)

"A very entertaining book . . . tells many amusing stories."—*Westminster Gazette*. "The astonishing story of Lady Hester Stanhope who for years dominated a large part of Syria . . . told in vivid style."—*Daily Express*. "A fulness of romantic detail that gives it fascination."—*Illustrated London News*

HURST & BLACKETT Ltd.,
PATERNOSTER HOUSE, E.C.4.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S APPEAL FOR THE LIFE-BOAT SERVICE.

"I APPEAL

to the men and women of our Empire and, indeed, to all those who value the practical example of heroism and humanity to give generously in support of this great Service."

WILL YOU RESPOND?

The Institution needs annually 1,000,000 Five Shillings to provide and maintain the Life-Boat Service.

Please send your 5/- TO-DAY and be "ONE IN A MILLION."

Will you also remember the Life-Boats in your Will

There is no subsidy from the State.

LORD HARROWBY
Honorary Treasurer.

GEORGE F. SHEE, M.A.
Secretary.

LIFE-BOAT HOUSE, 22, SHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.2

Write more letters—

easy with—**Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen**



OF STATIONERS AND JEWELLERS.

L.G. SLOAN Ltd. The Pen Corner, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

FINANCIAL SECTION

THE WEEK IN THE CITY
RUBBER.

THE gilt-edged market, which at the beginning of the week did not experience any marked increase of business, is at the time of writing very firm, and appears to reflect the belief that the Bank rate may be lowered again in the near future. The week has been noteworthy for the general strength in a variety of markets. Gold shares, brewery shares, tobacco shares, and iron and steel shares, amongst others, have all been marked up. One of the outstanding rises in the last few weeks has been that of Bradford Dyers, a company to which we have more than once drawn attention. As recently as a month ago these shares could have been bought at 70s., while to-day they stand at 85s. 6d. There are distinct signs that stock markets this August will not be anything like so inactive as in the last two years.

* * *

The Rubber share market has a firm undertone and may now be regarded as in a healthy condition. The type of speculator who rushed in to buy shares indiscriminately, reckless of whether the companies grew more pineapple than rubber trees, has already been largely eliminated. The supply of shares of the best companies is short, and at the low levels reached at the end of the account discriminating purchasers were taking as many of these as were being offered. On Tuesday a rise in the price of the commodity helped the market, but failing another upward move of the commodity the outside public will probably hold off until the interim dividends declared by the sound companies recall attention to the market. What is the outlook for rubber prices? The concessions which the Colonial Office vaguely mentioned, apart from the 10 per cent. release allowed under the restriction scheme on August 1st, making 75 per cent. of the standard production, have been whittled down to an increase in the standard production from 400 to 500 lbs. per acre of those estates in Malaya which are able to prove their ability to produce up to the higher level. It is estimated that some thirty estates are affected (possibly eighty more will be able to produce up to 450 lbs. per acre), and the Controller of Rubber for Malaya is reported as estimating that this will produce in the present quarter 600 tons only, while the small producers' allowance will yield 900 tons less than last quarter, owing to deductions made in view of the increase in the general percentage of export. It is apparently agreed by the Colonial Office that the 6,000 tons of uncoupons rubber recently released, and the 10 per cent. increase in the amount exportable at the minimum rate of duty, estimated at 6,800 tons for this quarter, will result in a surplus of supplies next year. This forecast will naturally tend to make the manufacturers hold off from the market. If, as a consequence, the spot price of rubber falls to 3s., the rubber producers will be mostly glad. A soaring spot price was not at all to their advantage, for it awakened the latent fires of propaganda against the restriction scheme. With the price about 3s., the restriction scheme is safe, and their companies assured of very large profits. It is not, however, certain that the spot price will fall so heavily. The pessimists do not appear to have reckoned with the labour difficulty in the plantations. A big increase in trained labour takes time to develop, and meantime the consumption of rubber goes on expanding. In any event the investor does not have to gamble on the price of the commodity. He can buy the shares of the good companies on the dividend prospects alone on the showing of the past six months.

YIELDS OF GILT-EDGED SECURITIES

	Opening Prices 12 Aug. 1925	Gross Flat Yield	Yield allowing for accrued interest and loss or profit on redemption			
			Gross		Net after deducting Income Tax	
			£	s. d.	£	s. d.
<i>Long-dated Securities—</i>						
3 $\frac{1}{2}$ % Local Loans	66	4 11 0	4	11	4	3 13 2
3 $\frac{1}{2}$ % Conversion Loan (1961 or after)	77 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 9 9	4	11	0	3 12 10
4% Victory Bonds (1976)	92 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 6 9	4	10	10	3 13 3
4% Funding Loan (1960-90)	89 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 9 7	4	11	1	3 13 0
<i>Intermediate Securities—</i>						
5% War Loan (1929-47)	101	4 19 0	4	18	7	3 18 8
4 $\frac{1}{2}$ % Conversion Loan (1940-44)	96 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 13 7	4	16	11	3 18 2
<i>Short-dated Securities—</i>						
3 $\frac{1}{2}$ % War Loan (1925-28)	96 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 12 5	4	17	0	4 2 5
5% National War Bonds (1927)	105 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 15 0	4	12	11	3 15 0
4% National War Bonds (1927)	99 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 0 2	—	—	—	4 3 8
5 $\frac{1}{2}$ % Treasury Bonds, A & B (1929)	101 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 8 2	5	0	11	3 19 4
5 $\frac{1}{2}$ % Treasury Bonds, C (1930)	101 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 8 0	5	0	10	3 19 3
5% Treasury Bonds, D (1927)	100 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 19 9	4	16	7	3 16 8
4 $\frac{1}{2}$ % Treasury Bonds (1930-32)	97 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 12 2	4	18	4	3 19 11
4% Treasury Bonds (1931-33)	93 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 5 2	5	0	1	4 3 0
<i>Miscellaneous—</i>						
India 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ % (1931 or after)	67 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 3 5	5	4	0	4 3 2
Commonwealth of Aus- tralia 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ % (1940-60)	97 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 17 3	4	19	0	3 19 2
Sudan 4% Gtd. (1950-74)	88 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 12 7	4	15	0	3 16 0
Gt. Western 4% Debs.	82 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 17 0	4	17	2	3 17 7
L. & N.E.R. 1st 4% Pf.	71 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 11 9	5	12	0	4 9 7



SECURITY - £11,094,132

Accidents = Fire = Marine

The Company transacts, either direct or through its Allied Companies, all classes of Insurance Business.

It particularly begs to draw attention to its Comprehensive Policy covering in one document Loss from Fire, Explosion, Riot, Burglary, Accidents to Servants, &c.

HEAD OFFICES { 45, DALE STREET, LIVERPOOL.
155, LEADENHALL STREET, LONDON, E.C.3
CHIEF ADMINISTRATION 7, CHANCERY LANE, W.C.2

TRAVEL NOTES.

Every effort is being made this year to attract the tourist to Ireland. Roads have been improved in all directions and Hotels restored and redecorated, Railway Services accelerated, new motor coaches put on the coach routes, in short, everything has been done to ensure the comfort of the visitor. The Ulster Tourist Development Association of Belfast and The Irish Tourist Association of Dublin, have published booklets with full information of holiday tours, that may be had for the asking. The London, Midland and Scottish Railway also have published a book by Stephen Gwynn on "Travel in Ireland." The latter deals with golf and fishing, as well as the beauty spots of the country. A copy may be had on mentioning THE NATION from the Div. Passenger Commercial Superintendent, L.M. & S. Railway, 84, Euston Station, N.W.

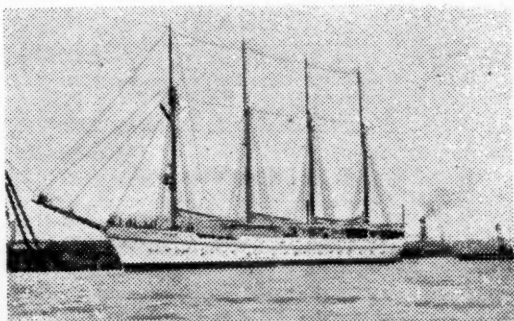
WHY NOT DENMARK?

Those who have not yet decided where to spend their summer holidays should not forget the claims of Denmark. Particularly interesting are the 14-days conducted tours including a day or more at all the principal beauty spots and places of interest, suggested in the new booklet issued by the Danish Tourist Bureau, of 33, Haymarket. The advantages of the conducted tour are evident—the utter freedom from the worries of finding out about means of travel, hotel accommodation, &c., secures a maximum of enjoyment for the traveller and no anxieties or troubles.

British subjects require an ordinary passport only—no consular visas are necessary for the journeys to, and in, Denmark.

For those who wish to combine a visit to Copenhagen with a prolonged stay at one of the noted Danish summer resorts, special arrangements are made under which the itineraries are followed without a guide, but all arrangements are made in advance.

Anglers can enjoy an ideal holiday in Denmark as permission to fish in the beautiful lakes and channels round Silkeborg and Skanderborg is easily obtained through the Danish Tourist Bureau, from whom all other particulars regarding holidays in Denmark can be obtained.



The luxurious Twin-Screw Motor and Sailing Yacht "WESTWARD" (2,840 tons) leaves Southampton on September 15th for

A VOYAGE AROUND THE WORLD

A long leisurely nine months' cruise under sunny skies—a voyage, an expedition that will provide unique and happy memories for a lifetime—a spacious holiday of a kind rarely attainable.

PLACES OF CALL

MADEIRA, WEST INDIES.—Barbados, St. Lucia, Martinique, Guadeloupe, St. Thomas, Porto Rico, San Domingo, Kingston, Jamaica. PANAMA.—Colon, Panama. SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.—Malpelo, Galapagos, Marquesas, Tuamotu, Society Isles, Cook Isles, Samoa, Fiji, New Caledonia. AUSTRALIA.—Sydney, Thursday Island, Melville Bay. EAST INDIES.—Timor, Flores, Surabaya, Batavia. INDIAN OCEAN.—Cocos Keeling, Diego Garcia, Seychelles. SUEZ.—Aden, Port Said. MEDITERRANEAN.—Malta, Marsala, Elba, Marseilles, Gibraltar, Southampton.

Arriving Southampton June 15th, 1926.

For Berths available and permit to view the vessel write to-day to

WESTWARD NAVIGATION CO.,
47, VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, S.W.1.

Telephone—Victoria 8454

A Captivating Book by a Great Sportsman.

FIFTY YEARS OF SPORT

BY

LT.-COL. E. D. MILLER,
C.B.E., D.S.O.

Author of "Modern Polo," etc.

(Handsome Illustrated Volume, 21/- net.)

"Everything he has got to say . . . is of first-rate importance to sporting readers."—*Sunday Times*. "Lively incidents and racy stories of the 'gay life.'"—*Daily Chronicle*. "Many stories of famous polo players . . . packed with interesting and instructive matter."—*Morning Post*.

HURST & BLACKETT, Ltd.,
PATERNOSTER HOUSE, E.C.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT AND WANTED.

ECONOMICS.—Lady Graduate, Experience in Research, Social Work, Commercial Practice, Languages, Teacher's Certificate (Honours), wants position.—Box No. N.A. 707, THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM, 5, John-street, Adelphi, W.C.2.

INSURANCE & INVESTMENTS.

PROVIDE FOR OLD AGE.

Old age and infirmity with their disability come all too soon. Provide capital for your old age by an **Endowment Assurance**.

THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE CO., LTD.,
142, HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.1
All Classes of Insurance Business Transacted.

CITY OF BELFAST LOANS.

5% TRUSTEE INVESTMENTS

Sums of £50 and upwards can be invested, without expense 5% **CORPORATION STOCK** to be redeemed on 4th October, to Lenders, in 5% **CORPORATION MORTGAGES** repayable on 4th January, 1930, 1935, 1940; or in the new issue of 1945. Full information can be obtained from the City Treasurer, City Hall, Belfast; or through any Stockbroker, or Banker.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

**Goddard's
Plate Powder**

Sold everywhere 6/- 2/6 & 4/6.

THE NATION TRAVEL No.—Price 1/-

EXPERT ADVICE ON TRAVEL IN
GREAT BRITAIN AND THE CONTINENT
From Booksellers or from the Publishers,
5, JOHN STREET, ADELPHI, W.C.2.

TOURS & WHERE TO STAY.

THIRD WORLD TOUR

Visiting INDIA, BURMA, CEYLON, MALAY, JAVA, JAPAN, CANADA, organised and accompanied by
N. S. BISHOP, F.R.G.S.,

LEAVES LONDON NOVEMBER 14th.

Oct. 3rd ROMANTIC SPAIN, five weeks.

Nov. 14th INDIA, BURMA, CEYLON, four months.

PRIVATE SOCIAL TOURS, 159, Auckland Road, LONDON, S.E.13.

REFORMED INNS.—Ask for Descriptive List (gratis) of 160 Inns and Hotels managed by the People's Refreshment House Association, Ltd.—F.R.H.A., Ltd., St. George's House, 193, Regent-street, W.1.

DEAN FOREST, SEVERN-WYE VALLEYS.—Beautiful Holiday Home (600 ft. up). Sixty rooms; electric light; 5 acres; billiards, tennis, croquet, bowls, motoring, golf; garages. Board-residence, 52s. 6d. to 55s. Write for Prospectus.—Littledean House, Littledean, Glos.

GODSHILL PARK, ISLE OF WIGHT.—Vegetarian Guest House. Large country house amid downs. 200 ft. up. Revolving shelters for outdoor sleeping.—Mrs. Wynne.

EDUCATIONAL.

UNIVERSITY OF BIRMINGHAM.

FACULTIES.

- Science:** Subjects:—Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Zoology, Botany, Geology, Geography, Engineering (Mechanical, Civil, Electrical), Metallurgy, Mining (Coal, Metal, Petroleum), Brewing and Bio-Chemistry of Fermentation.
- Arts:** Subjects:—Latin, Greek, English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Russian, Philosophy, History, Music and Law.
- Medicine:** All subjects leading to Degrees and Diplomas in Medicine and Dentistry.
- Commerce:** Subjects leading to Degrees in Commerce.

THE SESSION 1925-26 COMMENCES ON OCTOBER 5th, 1925. ALL COURSES AND DEGREES ARE OPEN TO BOTH MEN AND WOMEN STUDENTS.

In the Medical School, Courses of Instruction are arranged to meet the requirements of other Universities and Licensing Bodies. Graduates, or persons who have passed Degree Examinations of other Universities may, after one year's study or research, take a Master's Degree.

Separate Syllabuses with full information as to Lecture and Laboratory Courses, Fees, Regulations for Degrees, Diplomas, &c., Exhibitions and Scholarships are published as follows:—

1. Faculty of Science
2. Faculty of Arts
3. Faculty of Medicine
4. Faculty of Commerce
5. Department of Social Study
6. School of Mating and Brewing

and will be sent on application to the Registrar.

LONDON HOSPITAL MEDICAL COLLEGE AND DENTAL SCHOOL.

THE WINTER SESSION will OPEN on THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1st.

The MEDICAL COLLEGE AND DENTAL SCHOOL are essentially modern, with large laboratories equipped with the latest and most approved appliances.—For Prospectus and full information apply to the Dean (Professor William Wright, M.B., D.Sc., F.R.C.S., who will be pleased to arrange for anyone wishing to see the Medical College and Dental School, Mile End, E.1.

PINEHURST, CROWBOROUGH, SUSSEX.—High ground on edge of moorland. Girls 9-19. Principal: Helen T. Neild, M.A. (Manchester), Class Trip. (Camb.).

BEDFORD PHYSICAL TRAINING COLLEGE.

Principal: Miss STANSFELD.

Students are trained in this College to become Teachers of Gymnastics, Games, &c. Fees, £185 a year. For particulars, apply The Secretary, 37, Lansdowne-road, Bedford.

A FRIENDS' BOARDING SCHOOL

For Boys aged 8-18.

STRAMONGATE SCHOOL, KENDAL

HIGHLY QUALIFIED STAFF—one to every ten boys. Special system of SMALL SEPARATE HOUSES with informal intimate family life. Small boys together in one House. Write for Prospectus and Government Inspectors' Report to the Secretary to the Governors.

S. T. MICHAEL'S, BOGNOR.

WOODARD SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. Fees £150.

Apply Miss B. A. WARD, B.Sc., Lady Warden.

WOODARD SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND PUBLIC SCHOOL.

Provost:—THE REV. FRÉDÉRIC TALBOT.

S. MARY AND S. ANNE'S, ABBOTS BROMLEY, STAFFORD. Headmistress:—Miss RICE, M.A., Oxon. Fees, £135, with exhibitions of £35 a year and a few of £55 a year offered for September. For particulars apply to the Headmistress.

"THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM," printed for the Proprietors (THE NATION LIMITED), by LOXLEY BROTHERS LIMITED, Whitefriars House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.4, and published by THE NATION LIMITED, at 5, John Street, Adelphi, W.C.2.

All communications for the Editor must be sent to 10, Adelphi Terrace, London, W.C.2. SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1925.

EDUCATIONAL.

SEXEY'S SCHOOL, BLACKFORD, CHEDDAR, SOMERSET.

A CO-EDUCATIONAL SCHOOL with separate boarding-houses for boys and girls, possessing its own farm, amid delightful surroundings. Pupils prepared for University and other public examinations. Special Courses:—Boys: Agriculture and kindred subjects; Girls: Domestic Science, Dairying, Poultry-keeping, &c. Terms moderate. Apply Headmaster.

SWITZERLAND.—Headmaster and his wife receive boys in their mountain Chalet, July-Sept. French Excursions.—Apply Monnier, Versoix.

JOHN DUXBURY'S

ELOCUTION SCHOOL.

HARRY DUXBURY HAROLD HORTON
Expression, etc. Voice, etc.

PUBLIC SPEAKING AND RECITING.

Private Lessons only. Tel. Museum 2386.

Apply Secretary
41, Woburn Square, London, W.C.1.

NEW YORK SCHOOL OF FINE AND APPLIED ART.

PARIS ATELIER, 9, PLACE DES VOSGES.

Professional Courses in Interior Architecture and Decoration: Theatre, Costume and Illustrative Design with Historic Research leading to creative work. Lectures, trips, &c. Instruction in English and French. Visitors welcomed. Illustrated Catalogues upon application to Secretary, 9, Place des Vosges, Paris.

AUTHORS' AGENTS & TYPEWRITING.

MISS. of all descriptions accurately and intelligently typed. Translations from French. (Hons. Camb. Mod. Lang.) Good references.—Miss Woolner, Erehwon, Sunnyside, Epping.

TYPEWRITING.—Every description. Accurately and promptly copied by experienced typist.—Miss Hilditch, 35, Gray's Inn-rd., London, W.C.

TYPEWRITING for Authors, Dramatists; personal confidential work.—Miss Viola Kinshott, 23, Castle Street, Cardiff. 'Phone 3691.

TYPEWRITING.—Miss Ruth S. Speakman, 12, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.2. Gerrard 6179. Near Hampstead and Bakerloo Tubes.

LITERARY.

AUTHORS should forward Novels, Poems, Stories, Tales for Children, Plays, Films, Essays, Music, Songs, to Mr. ARTHUR STOCKWELL, Publisher, 29, Ludgate Hill, London. No Reading Fees. Typewriting unessential. Established 1898.

MISCELLANEOUS.

YOUR HOUSE can be cleared quickly of Cockroaches and Blackbeetles by Blattis, guaranteed scientific remedy which has stood test for 30 years. Tins 1s. 4d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d. Post free from Sole Makers: Howarths, 473, Cruckmoor-road, Sheffield, or Chemists, Boots' Branches, Stores.

PLUMS, Finest Pershore Egg; 12 lbs., 4s. 9d.; 24 lbs., 9s.; 48 lbs., 17s. Carriage paid. Packages free. Cash with order.—Humphrey & Stanton, Fruit Growers, Swan Terrace, Evesham.

TO LET.—Large Flat on Two Floors. Central position. W.C. district. Geyser and all conveniences. Rent £200 per annum inclusive.—Box N.A. 700, THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM, 5, John-street, Adelphi, W.C.2.

CONGENIAL FRIENDSHIPS are quickly formed through the U.C.C. For particulars write: Secretary, 16, N.A., Cambridge-street, London, S.W.1. Est. over 20 years.

REAL HARRIS.—LEWIS AND SHETLAND HOMESPUNS. Direct from the Makers. Any Length Cut. Patterns Free. State Shade desired.—Newall, 158, Stornoway, Scotland.

GARDENING.

CRAZY PAVING.—Real Old Somerset Stone, Weatherworn Mountain Boulders for Rock Gardens. Most artistic on market. Sundials, Bird Baths, &c. The "Four Season" Hard Court.—Clayton & Hammond, 53, Baker-street, W.1.

A Specimen Copy of "THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM" will be sent to any address on application to the Publisher.

